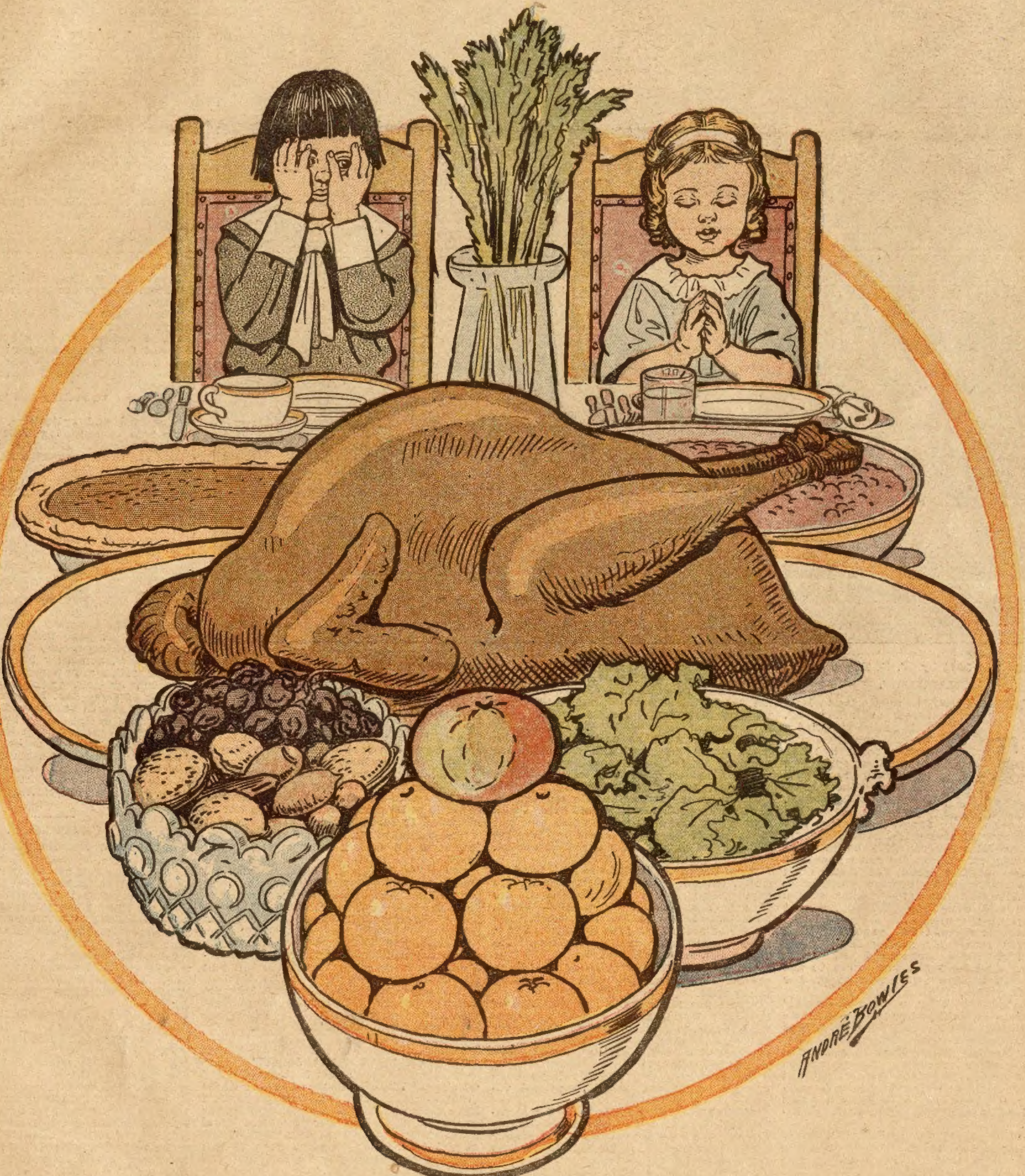
1,250,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLII, NO. 47. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1914. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

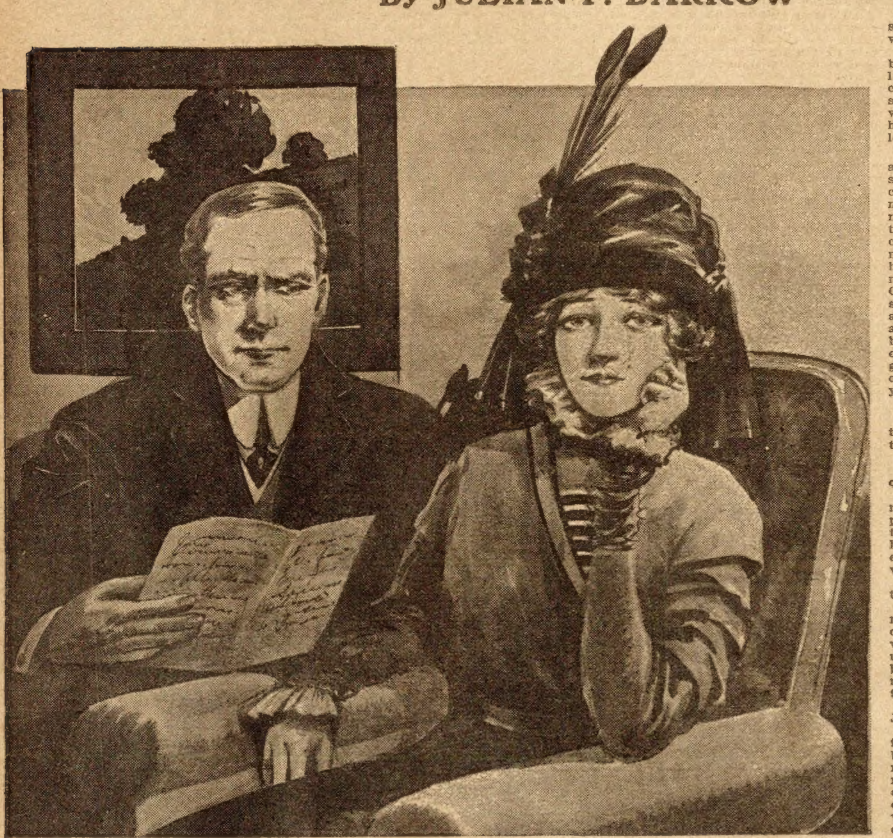


Thanksgiving Prayer

THE STOOL PIGEON

Or, FOX SLAVIN, DETECTIVE

By JULIAN F. DARROW



[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE mysterious lady threw back her veil. This action revealed a very pretty and plump face; but the bonnie blue eyes were just then bordering on the dim stage, through unshed tears.

Old Fox Slavin, the famous detective and investigator of mysteries, recognized his caller as Miss Morris. He had known her family off and on for some years—it was one of the good old New York families; though an unwise speculation had sadly diminished the wealth of the mother and daughter who represented the last of the line.

Indeed, it seemed but yesterday that he could remember seeing Janet as a delightful little schoolgirl in short frocks. And here she had come to see him, with trouble written large on her charming face.

"Miss Janet! Why, what a pleasure!" he exclaimed, taking her little hand, and immediately discovering how it was quivering, just as a frightened bird might tremble when held in a human grip.

"You are surprised to see me, sir, but I knew of no one else to go to for advice; and you used to be such a great friend of ours!" she murmured, plaintively.

"Used to be, my dear child! If there is anything in the world I can do to prove that I claim that privilege today, you have only to mention it."

"Oh! thank you, thank you!"

He saw that she was very near the verge of tears.

"Come right in and sit down. You shall tell me what is worrying you, and depend on it we will find a remedy very speedily."

She sighed and shook her head just a trifle, as if she could hardly believe it possible. And yet she had great faith in this wonderful man, for she knew that he had succeeded where others had met only failure.

Many there were who called him a wizard, simply because he seldom took the trouble to explain just how most of his cases were worked out, and those who could not understand looked upon it as magic.

Janet was soon as comfortable as he could make her, and the old detective sat near by, smiling reassuringly.

"Now, let us hear the whole matter, and we'll talk it over quietly. Please restrain your feelings while we confer, my dear girl. I know trouble often looks like a big mountain; but when you get close up, it gradually loses its terrible aspect, and proves only a gentle ascent. Who is it, Janet?"

Thus urged to begin, the girl tried to smile, though at the best it was a wan expression. But the whiteness of her face was succeeded by a little blush. And before she spoke one word, this reader of the human face understood that Love must enter into the game. He was right, as usual.

"It is about Billie," she said, trying to control her feelings, and succeeding fairly well.

"H'm! not having the acquaintance of the said Billie, I am forced to guess whether in this case he may be your pet horse, a dog that you cherish an affection for, or"—smiling broadly—"a young gentleman."

"Billie Throgmorton. We have been engaged since we went to school together."

"Oh! I see. And Billie is, if I remember rightly, the son of Mr. Amos Throgmorton, the wealthy retired coffee king?"

Janet nodded, and looked pleased to know that he understood.

"Well, what has Billie been doing now to wring your dear, affectionate heart?"

"Oh! it is an old story, sir. I'm afraid, though, it won't turn out as it should. Billie is the prodigal son, you know!"

"Indeed! As you say, it is a story as old as the hills, and doubtless will endure as long as men live on this same earth. But what is wrong? Can't you influence Billie to come home to his father?"

"He wants to; but his father refuses to play his part, and forgive his only boy."

"I see. Then it is the hard heart of the parental Throgmorton that is causing you all this anxiety?"

She shook her curly head.

"No, you are wrong there, sir. It did give me considerable worry; but I began to hope I was winning out, and that Mr. Thorgmorton would give in to us in time. Now Billie has just ruined everything!" with a plaintive indrawing of her breath.

"Evidently, then, Billie is—excuse me for saying it—something of a fool. For any man who has such a lovely friend at court is to be envied, and must be out of his mind to forfeit such a girl's love."

"Oh, indeed! He hasn't done that, sir. But it is all such a dark mystery, you see!"

"Very well, Janet. You understand that it is my particular business to ferret out hidden things; and if you choose to take me into your confidence, I'll promise to do my best to clear away the mist."

"Thank you, thank you! I knew you would say that; and I have come here determined to do what I could to tell you all, though I know so little."

"Suppose you begin, then, and take me directly to the cause of your present trouble."

"It was a letter, sir."

"From Billie?"

"Yes."

"When did you get it, Janet?"

"It came by mail just last evening. I was dreadfully shocked, and hardly knew what to make of it. Most of the night I have lain awake, thinking, and perhaps crying a little, too, for it was a cruel blow. Then, after worrying most of the day, I determined to come here to ask your advice, perhaps your assistance, if you were not too busy."

"You shall have both, regardless of my being busy. And now tell me about this letter. Do you happen to have it with you?"

He knew that she had, for already with trembling fingers she was fumbling at the little reticule, or shopping bag, she carried on her wrist.

"There it is, sir; please read it."

The letter was sadly crumpled, possibly from having been scrutinized so very many times. Allen Slavin also believed he could see traces of tears on its surface, as though poor little Janet had wept while reading.

The handwriting was big and boyish; being something of an expert along this line the detective immediately became convinced that Billie was a genial, frank sort of a young fellow, possibly a trifle weak, but well meaning. He applied himself to mastering the contents of the letter, which was not very lengthy.

"Dearest Janet: It's no use; fate is against me. If my father had not been so unforgiving, I might have had a chance to leave this dreadful life, and make good, long ago. Now it is too late, my darling! Something has happened that will prevent my ever daring to claim your love. Don't believe for a minute that I am writing this easily. My heart lies as heavy as lead in me, and nothing but blackness looms up before. God forgive me for being the cause of so much suffering to one who loves me as you do. I shall not dare to see you again, for fear that my resolution be broken. I may write you from some other place. Dear Janet, sweetest of girls, may you some time be happy with one who is worthier of your love than your heartbroken,

"BILLIE."

Old Fox Slavin did not even smile, for there was a vein of tragedy underneath the boyish signature.

Janet was watching him closely, too.

"When did you see him last?" he asked quietly.

"Three days ago. He should have met me yesterday at our rendezvous in the park. I waited two long hours. Once I thought I saw him coming; but it must have been some other person, for he failed me. Then, when I went home, this was awaiting me."

"How was he feeling the last time you talked?"

"Cheerful and optimistic, because my news was encouraging about his father coming around. He even declared he would shake off his companions, and give up the distasteful business that he had been just compelled to do in order to make a living. He said it was either that or starving for him, poor boy!"

"Do you know what that business was, Janet?"

"Well, not exactly. But I'm afraid that it was not very reputable. I shall be frank with you, sir. Billie's weakness does not lie in strong drink. He never touched a drop until his father cast him off. But he has an inherited craze for gambling. His grandfather was a noted sporting gentleman in his day. And as poor Billie really had no way of making money in any other capacity, why, somehow he came to make friends with a man named Mortimer, who gave him an outdoor job connected with a bank of some sort he owned."

The old sleuth understood. Not by the wink of an eyelid did he betray the fact to this innocent girl; but the name Mortimer was that of a notorious gambler, who ran a game that seemed to be under police protection; and Billie must be one of his decoys, or stool pigeons, who steered prospective victims into the lair of the tiger.

CHAPTER II.

THE detective again glanced down at the letter.

"I suppose you are utterly in the dark as to what he means here?" he asked.

"I have puzzled over it so much; and the only thing I can think of is that poor Billie has done something so serious that he believes neither his father nor I will ever forgive."

"Reading between the lines, I should myself say that seems the only explanation. He even hints at flight, since he speaks of writing to you from another city."

"Oh! what do you think it can be, sir? Billie is so frank and confiding, so easily led. That is his one fault; and so often others have taken advantage of him. I did not like his friend that day I happened to meet them. He hesitated to introduce him to me, too. But when I spoke of it to Billie, he said Mr. Annesley was a real good sort of a chap, who had advised him often, and took considerable interest in him."

"Annesley, you said? Do you happen to know his first name, and was it Brutus?"

"Why, yes, I had forgotten, but that is what it was. A slender young fellow, with black eyes that snapped while he talked. But somehow I didn't fancy him. Billie was quite touchy, though, when I spoke of it, and so I concluded he knew best."

"Billie is the only child, you said?"

"Yes, sir. There is his cousin, Hollis Sutcliffe, who has always been just the opposite kind of a man from poor Billie. He is well known, and respected as an honorable gentleman; but somehow Billie, with all his weakness, always appealed to me more than Hollis, who never did wrong."

The man who listened to this confession knew that the same story had been told for ages.

"Does this gentleman you speak of know all about his cousin's fall from grace?"

"Oh, surely! It has been no secret, though most of the people in our set have a tender feeling for Billie, who used to be a universal favorite up to the time his father first cast him off."

"How does he seem to feel toward the boy?"

"Hollis is much older, and settled in his ways. He is greatly concerned about Billie, and often tells me he would be willing to do anything possible if only there was a chance of his reforming, and walking the 'narrow way,' as he calls it."

Allen Slavin caught a touch of sarcasm in her tones, and could give a pretty good guess how Janet felt about it.

"I judge then that this Mr. Sutcliffe and yourself meet occasionally?" he ventured at a hazard.

"Yes. He often comes around to see my mother and myself. You know we live in apartments now. The old home went when father died, for an unpleasant surprise followed his sudden death. The Morris wealth was in name only; and we have just means to live comfortably. Mr. Sutcliffe is very kind and solicitous. Mother depends on him for numerous things in the way of advice."

"Ah! yes, I see, which makes it necessary for him to drop in, say, once or twice a week. Pardon me for mentioning the subject, but it is necessary that I know all the particulars, if I am going to solve this riddle. Has Mr. Sutcliffe ever told you that he loved you, Janet?"

She turned fiery red and stared at him.

"Why, yes, he did, but that was more than a year ago."

"You declined his suit then?"

"How could I do anything else, when I was engaged to Billie. But he took it nicely, and we have been friends ever since."

"Well, it is certainly very good of the gentleman to make himself useful to the widow and her daughter. He must, as you say, have a tender heart. But let us return to Billie."

"Poor Billie!"

She was very prone to designate her lover as one to be pitied; but the detective, being a man, and not at all in love with the young fellow, had serious doubts as to whether Billie were worth all this anguish on the part of so charming a girl. He meant to speedily find out.

"If he calls you up, or meets you, try and get him to tell what it is that has arisen to make a break in your relations. Meanwhile I shall endeavor to discover the same thing after my own peculiar tactics?"

"You will not be too harsh in your treatment?" she observed, her blue eyes lifted piteously to his own.

"Probably not one-half so severe as the young chap deserves," he could not help remarking; for deep down in his soul the detective believed a man must be next door to a jackass who could so conduct himself as to bring tears into those beautiful orbs.

"But it may not be wholly his fault. We do not know, you see. Something entirely beyond his control might have happened. Please be kind to him, sir. And if it is possible, save him from himself; for he has always been his own worst enemy."

"Doubtless very true. I have known many such. Sometimes they have been plucked like a brand from the burning, again they have persisted in going along the broad way to the bitter end. Let us hope Billie may prove amenable to reason."

"When will you take it up, sir? There is need of haste, for you saw he spoke of going away. Oh! I hope he has not already left the city!"

Old Fox Slavin arose.

"I will start just as soon as you are gone, Janet. And let us hope that before long I may be able to bring you some good news."

"How kind you are, sir. I will never forget it. At such a time a friend seems doubly dear."

"But how did it come that you did not think to ask advice from this good friend of the family?"

"Do you mean Mr. Hollis Sutcliffe?" with once more a sudden little flush.

"Why, yes; he seems to have quite won your mother's confidence. And possibly he would have hunted up Billie, to find out what he meant."

"But Billie would never have told him. You remember that I said they were not at all congenial. Hollis was always so very proper, and never did the least thing to cause talk; while poor Billie was always getting into hot water, at school and afterward, because of his warm and sympathetic heart. No, I soon made up my mind that Hollis was the last one I wanted to tell this new trouble to. Even my mother does not know."

"You will pardon my seeming to hasten your departure, then, Janet, knowing the reason?"

"You could not go too quickly to suit me. Every minute of delay will be just so much torture to me. And when you do have even the tiniest bit of good news for me, please come! I am leaving our address with you."

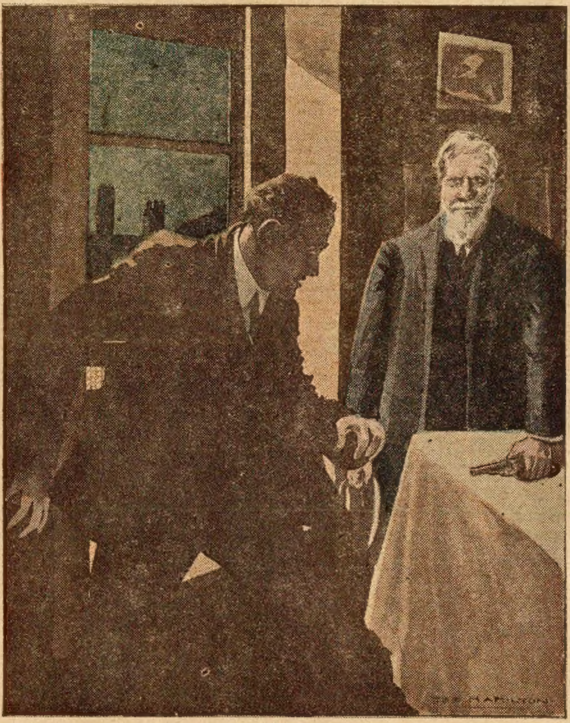
"Depend upon it, I shall only be too glad, my dear girl. Good day, and keep up your spirits; for you have put your case in my hands now, and failure and myself are not on very good terms."

The last he saw of her was the beseeching smile as she lowered her veil; and he knew that there were now actual tears dimming those azure eyes.

Old Slavin left the house a few minutes later. He had made only a few slight changes in his appearance, but they were quite sufficient to keep people from recognizing him as the famous detective.

Of course, he knew where the joint of Mortimer was located, for it had flourished despite the raids made on less fortunate establishments that defied the law. It was a gilded palace where men fought the tiger of chance, and usually came out of the encounter pretty well plucked.

Still, Mortimer had the name of being an honest gambler; just as though there could ever be such a thing, when his wonderful skill and knowledge of human nature were pitted against the ignorance of young fellows, sons of wealthy families, who had more spending money than was good for their morals.



Billy whirled like a flash.

It had been far along in the afternoon when Janet came to seek advice from the detective who had long been her father's friend during the lifetime of Hollister Morris. So when he found himself in the neighborhood of the Tenderloin, in the heart of which Mortimer's place strangely flourished, the lights were on.

It was late in the fall. A crispness lay in the air with the coming of night. People unconsciously quickened their footsteps, if such a thing could be possible in New York, where the god of haste seems to reign perpetually.

One thing the sleuth had secured from Janet before she took her leave. This was a small photograph of Billie, which she had been wise enough to carry with her. He knew the face, and realized that he had been acquainted with the boy when he was younger; but there was something in the expression of Billie's face that seemed to appeal to the old sleuth.

"He may be weak, but never vicious. If he could only conquer this failing I would predict a future for that boy. And with such a guardian angel, how can he help but win out? Unless, as he hints, he has done something terrible now! I hope it won't turn out that way."

As he sauntered about, he was constantly on the alert for some sign of Billie; and failing that he meant to start in seeking clews calculated to lead him to the place where the boy hung out.

Finally, not meeting with any luck, and seeing one whom he happened to know as a young chap belonging to the same set as the Morris and Throgmorton families, he concluded to seek information.

CHAPTER III.

"EXCUSE me, Mr. Bradley, but if you have a few minutes to spare I'd like to talk with you!"

Tom Bradley had felt that "touch" more than a few times in his career as a young society man, fond of squandering some of the superfluous Bradley cash along the Great White Way. He turned, with a frown calculated to frighten any ordinary panhandler away.

Then he smiled. Surely this benevolent-looking old gentleman could hardly belong to the beggars' trust; he looked too affable; too well dressed for that.

"I guess you've got the better of me, my friend, since you know my name, and I just can't recall where I've met you," he remarked.

"Perhaps I might assist your memory, sir. It was in connection with a young fellow by the name of Archie Boyd, who by some misfortune——"

"Hold on, please; you need say nothing more, my dear man. I remember quite distinctly now. But unless my memory serves me badly, you have undergone considerable change in your appearance since that awful night, when you were such a godsend to poor old Archie and myself?"

"You forget, Mr. Bradley, that my profession makes strange demands on those who wish to achieve any sort of success. I have to alter my looks, or else all the crooks in town would recognize me as the Nemesis who makes it his business to hunt them down, and bring offenders to the bar of justice."

Bradley had thrust out his hand impulsively.

"Well, I'm deuced glad to see you again, sir. I've often wished I knew where to find you; for there are times when I've believed neither Archie nor myself thanked you for your invaluable aid one-half as much as we should."

Old Fox Slavin smiled. He knew what young men are as a rule, and could make all manner of allowances.

"That is all right, Mr. Bradley. I wanted no reward for that friendly little act. I have only hoped that your chum might profit by the lesson that came to him."

"Oh! he did, all right, sir. Archie has turned over a new leaf, quit running around like he used to, married a nice little girl, and seems to be happy. There are times when I get to thinking seriously whether it pays to keep up the pace as I do."

"Let us hope you'll continue to think about changing and following Archie's example. But by the way, possibly you might be able to give me a little information just now, Mr. Bradley?"

"I wish I could, sir. I'd do considerable to prove to you that even a rounder like myself may have a decent amount of gratitude in him."

"Of course you know Billie Throgmorton?"

Bradley's face fell several degrees.

"Why, yes, we have been friends," he admitted.

"You knew that his father thrust him out of the house; also, that, unable to make a living any other way, he had to turn to the disagreeable job of serving as a roper-in for a gaming palace."

"I'm sorry to say it's true, sir. You see, the fact that Billie never touched a drop of the bubbling stuff acted as a sort of drag when he was casting around for a job."

"Really?"

"Why, yes. I could have secured for him the much pleasanter position of circulating agent for a brand of champagne that is now being pushed in society circles. That would have been nothing to be ashamed of. But you could hardly expect a fellow who didn't know the difference between Extra Dry and seltzer water to crack up the virtues of Jimmerson's Sec."

"Hardly," replied the detective, without even a smile, though he felt conscious of considerable amusement over Bradley's idea of contrasts.

"Now, what about poor Billie? What has he been doing now?"

There it was again—everybody seemed determined to look upon the outcast as one to be pitied, when, truth to tell, he had no one but himself to blame for his present troubles.

"Oh! I don't know that he has been doing anything so very serious; but I am commissioned by some one who cares very much for him to find Billie, and have a good talk with him; and I don't know where he can be holding out when at home."

"I can give a guess who that some one is, sir."

"I suppose so, Mr. Bradley."

"And a mighty fine little woman she is, too. If poor old Billie could only break loose, as Archie did, and walk the straight line again, it would be a splendid thing all around."

"Now, I happen to know that Billie is acting as a sort of stool pigeon for Mortimer here; but he would not be on the job so early in the evening. It is important that I see him as soon as possible. Do you know where he rooms?"

"I did know, and unless he has changed his quarters recently you will find him at the Tavestock."

"I know the place; a bachelors' hotel and just a few blocks away. Thank you for the information; and you must excuse me now, as I am in something of a hurry."

"That's all right, sir; and glad to have been able to do you the least service. Wish the opportunity might come when I could prove how grateful I am over the decent way you treated two silly rounders once upon a time, who, if they had their deserts, would have been locked up over night, and faced disgrace in the morning."

But the detective did not stay to listen. He waved his hand toward Tom Bradley, and hurried away.

The wording of that note received by Janet seemed to indicate that Billie was thinking seriously of shaking the dust of little old New York from his patent leathers. Hence, since fully thirty-six hours had elapsed since the said letter was written, it was possible that by this time he might have torn himself loose from the ties than bound him to the city of his birth.

Ten minutes after parting from Bradley, the detective entered a large building that seemed to be run after the manner of a hotel. And such in truth it was.

The Tavestock—which of course was not the real name of the bachelors' rest in question—had a reputation as a comfortable place of refuge, where weary single men might lodge without being compelled to pay tribute to womankind.

He found a clerk at the desk, just the same as in any ordinary hotel.

"Can you tell me if Mr. Throgmorton is in?"

The clerk shot a single glance at the questioner. Apparently the appearance of the old sleuth was in his favor. At any rate, the functionary next turned his attention to the rows of hooks where numerous keys dangled.

"I suppose he must be, sir, as his key is not here," came the reply.

"Thank you," said Old Slavin, passing over a prime Havana, kept for just such occasions. "I would like to be taken up to his room as quickly as possible."

"Against the rules, sir."

"I know it; but I am bringing him some good news, and I want to surprise him. You will oblige me this once, my friend. I give you my word that he will be most delighted to see me."

Perhaps there was a magic in his smile. Then again the clerk may have been just feeling in the mood for a smoke; and that cigar did have a soothing look.

"Oh! all right. His room is 237, on the seventh floor. But I shall not send up a boy with you. Just take the responsibility yourself, sir."

This in a low tone, and a cautious look around, while he fingered the weed eagerly.

"Thank you."

"As the detective turned away he heard the crackle of a match, and knew that once again a quarter cigar had repaid its cost many times.

Passing up in the cage of the elevator, he asked to be put off at the seventh floor, which seemed to be the limit, as the boy admitted when he repeated the word "top-floor" after the passenger had spoken.

Well, doubtless Billie's funds would not allow of any extravagance; the office of stool pigeon did not pay as well as introducer of new bubbling waters, it might be.

It was not hard to find 237. Slavin was pleased to see a gleam of light through the keyhole. This assured him that the occupant must be in; and unless he had been misinformed as to the room, he would speedily confront the object of his search.

He could hear some one pacing up and down within. Was that a groan? It sounded like it, and indicated that Billie could not be having a very happy hour with himself.

The sleuth raised his hand to knock. Then, on hearing a second groan, he changed his mind.

Grasping the knob of the door he turned it, to find that the key had not been used, and that he had free entry to Billie's quarters. So he gently pushed the door back, and slipped by, to find himself looking upon a scene that aroused his deepest interest.

CHAPTER IV.

IT WAS Billie, all right. The detective recognized him by means of the little photograph Janet had given him.

Billie was standing now by the window, and seemed to be contemplating the row of chimneys on an adjacent building, while he rubbed his hands together after the manner of a man who hardly knows what he ought to do in order to meet a sudden emergency.

Old Slavin shot a quick glance around the room. In that look he saw about everything visible. It was a fairly comfortable place, and Billie had nothing to complain of in that respect. But upon the table lay something that caused Slavin to elevate his eyebrows in surprise.

It was an ugly-looking revolver! And it actually had the hammer raised as though ready for immediate business.

Since it was hardly within the bounds of reason that burglars could be expected at this early hour of the night, or that Billie possessed anything worth carrying off if they did come, there was but one explanation to account for the presence of that suggestive tool.

Old Slavin had closed the door behind him. He managed to do this so softly that the attention of the other was not drawn.

Next the detective slipped over to the table and dextrously possessed himself of the weapon. Then he gave a cough.

Billie whirled around like a flash. His amazement at sight of a stranger standing there in his room was intense.

Surprise was quickly followed by consternation and fear, if his whitening face could be taken as any indication of the truth.

Billie uttered a loud cry. His gaze had gone instantly to the table, and in the one look he had made a discovery. The revolver was gone! He even half turned his eyes in the direction of the window at which he had been standing. Seven stories high meant that a fellow who jumped would never know what had hurt him!

Old Slavin was used to reading the human mind. He knew what must be passing through Billie's brain, for the other's face was desperate.

"I am your friend, Billie!" he hastened to say, wishing to cut in on any foolhardy act that, once committed, could never be recalled.

"Friend!" echoed the other.

"Yes, I have come here to assist you, to counsel with you. You must trust me, Billie."

Again did the hypnotic manner of the great detective carry weight. Billie sighed and shook his head skeptically, but he no longer cast that wild look over his houlder. The window had ceased to be a sort of horrible fascination for the boy.

"I thought—I feared—Who are you, anyhow, and what sent you here—just now, when——"

"Janet sent me!"

"My God!"

"She believes in you, Billie. No matter what you may have done, Janet wants you to know that nothing can shake her confidence in you."

Billie was now holding on to the wall for support, and staring at his strange visitor, who was speaking such wonderful words of hope. There was a look of bewilderment on his face, as if he could hardly grasp the truth.

And Old Slavin saw that his analysis of that photograph must have come very near hitting the mark; for the countenance he now gazed upon was not that of one naturally wicked, only a bit weak.

"She—got—my letter?"

"Yes, and it troubled her greatly. She believed you meant to go away somewhere."

"I—I did, when I wrote that letter."

"Yes, but you have changed your mind since."

"I just couldn't tear away. I kept putting it off, trying to see some way of escape; but it looked so black, and I began to fear the end had come. When you coughed just then I thought they had come to arrest me!"

Allen Slavin realized from what he said that Billie must be in deeper straits than he had before thought possible. If he was in mortal dread of arrest, he must have committed some sort of crime, since honest men have little need of believing that the police will suddenly descend upon them.

Such a state of affairs would complicate matters. Besides, they might render a reconciliation between Billie and his stern father out of the question. The haughty Amos Throgmorton might forgive his son's wretched choice of a profession whereby he had to gain a livelihood, but he would never compromise his proud name with crime.

It remained then to find out just what the boy had been doing. If it happened to be merely some minor offense, possibly it might be hushed up. But from the actions of Billie the detective began to have grave doubts.

When a healthy young fellow, who has much to live for, thinks of doing something desperate, it would seem that his affairs must be in a tangled condition indeed.

"I am an old friend of the Morris family. Janet's father used to confide in me. Once I met you, but you have forgotten me since you grew older. And at her express desire I have hunted you up to talk over your affairs, and see what can be done."

The other shook his head dismally, and a slight groan escaped from his tightly shut lips.

"It is too late, sir."

"Nonsense, it is never too late to mend, Billie. You remember the old story of the prodigal son, and how, even after he had gone down to the dregs of degradation, once he repented and went home, his father welcomed him with open arms?"

"Yes, but that was the limit of his stupidity."

"Janet says she has managed to influence your father so that he is beginning to yearn to see you."

This time it was a sigh that welled from Billie's lips.

"Bless her! Bless her for an angel, if ever there was one on this accursed old earth! Who could resist her?" he muttered.

"Well, I admit that the young lady has a most persuasive way about her, and I feel positive that once you are out of this hole she will be your guiding star through the balance of your natural life."

"Yes, I had sworn again and again that if given one more chance nothing could ever tempt me to fall again. I have even succeeded in conquering my weakness for gaming, and never again would I allow myself to take the slightest hazard."

"I am glad to hear that, Billie. Janet will be delighted, too. If that is so, why should you feel so despondent? Why have this dangerous toy upon your table, and ready to be discharged, too?"

He held up the pistol as he spoke. Billie looked at it with a horrible sort of stare, and the detective could see him shudder.

"I was just waiting until he came to tell me the worst. Then I would decide which course to follow—run away where they could never find me; or——"

He did not finish the sentence; nor was there any need, for Allen Slavin knew what was meant.

"Only cowards do such things, Billie; and I don't believe you can be called that!"

"Yes, I am! You don't know how I feel, sir. Do you imagine that I could live, and ever chance to look in those sunny blue eyes again? And without Janet what would be the use of living at all?"

"Apparently, then, you seem to be between the Devil and the deep sea. But, Billie, I am accustomed to handling such troubles as yours. I have even brought peace and happiness to more than a few young fellows who happened to trip up. For instance, there was a friend of yours who was kind enough to give me your address here, Tom Bradley."

"Yes, Tom was always my friend, and a good fellow."

"Well, he and his former chum, Archie Boyd, once found themselves in a scrape. I managed to pull them out. It was a lesson for Archie, who immediately turned over a new leaf, married a nice girl, and is today a respected citizen."

Billie tried to look cheerful, but the effort was far from being a success.

"What you say is a mighty nice thing, sir; but all the same the trouble they were in could not hold a candle to that which hangs over my head."

"Suppose you let me decide about that, Billie. What sort of trouble is worrying you so?"

"I told you, sir, that when I first saw you here I supposed you were an officer of the law, come to arrest me."

"Then you have been doing something wrong, something that makes you amenable to the law?"

"Yes, yes, I am in a terrible fix, sir."

"Supposing then that I had been an officer—what would I want to take you in for, Billie?"

The young fellow gulped once or twice, as though it almost choked him to say the words. Then summoning all his resolution he answered:

"For the crime of murder, sir!"

This thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

The Electric Flame

Or, Brahm Yogi's Power

By George Weymouth

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 46, November 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

BRANDERS, "the big American with the bruised jaw," as they called him at the hotel in Madras, was consumed with restlessness. He read the newspapers as fast as they appeared, looking in vain for some dispatch from Bombay.

He consumed such an enormous quantity of gin that the men at the hotel bar wondered, but his inward fever of impatience was so great that the liquor had no apparent effect on him. He did not attempt to see his wife, who took her meals with her mother in their apartment.

All day Tuesday he waited, and there was not a word to satisfy his curiosity. He went once to the telegraph office, but he dared not make inquiries.

In Wednesday's mail, however, he found what he had been looking for—a newspaper from Bombay addressed to him in a strange, straggling hand. He tore off the wrapper and saw that there was a marked item on the first page.

Not daring to read it in the hotel office he hurried to his room and locked the door. Even as he read and re-read the inconspicuous paragraph, with its two-line heading, he found himself wondering at the calmness with which the editor treated a news story which seemed to him of such tremendous importance.

An American reporter would have revelled through two columns over this tragic mystery. He wondered if the Associated Press would send the story to the United States. Perhaps not, it seemed so trifling. Here was the story as the English paper at Bombay printed it:

"AMERICAN DEAD AT ENGLISH HOTEL—SAID TO BE SUICIDE.

"At eight o'clock this morning, Marcus Crane, said to be an American, was found dead in his room at the English Hotel. He had been stabbed through the heart, and the knife was left in the wound. He had apparently been dead for several hours. His valet, a Hindu, was held by the police for a time, but has been released, as he established a clear alibi.

"Mr. Crane was last seen alive at eleven o'clock last night, when he retired. He seemed well, and nothing unusual was noticed in his demeanor. During the afternoon he had called for witch-hazel, and was seen bathing the knuckles of his right hand. The servants at the hotel thought perhaps he had been in a fist fight.

"Since Mr. Crane's door was locked and nothing in his room was disturbed, the police department has decided it was a case of suicide. Crane is unknown in Bombay, and the tragedy created little excitement. The guests at the hotel were not disturbed."

Like many other Americans, Branders had often declared he believed nothing that was printed in the newspapers. Yet it never occurred to him to doubt the truth of this story.

He went to the American consul and to the bank, where, on account of his known wealth and his big letter of credit, he had no difficulty in obtaining twenty thousand dollars in cash.

His mind was relieved now. He seemed almost jovial, and insisted on his mother-in-law coming down to dinner with him that night.

On Thursday morning Branders received a note from The Weasel, and at eleven o'clock the two met by appointment. The Weasel brought another copy of the newspaper with him, and Branders paid the nineteen thousand dollars without demur. That night he felt Madras for Hong Kong.

When the boat was two days at sea, Branders gave the unmarked newspaper to his mother-in-law, and called her attention to the paragraph announcing Crane's death. Mrs. Chester gave the paper to her daughter.

During the long voyage home, by way of Hong Kong, Tokio, and San Francisco, the name of Marcus Crane was not mentioned by any one of the three.

Branders was jolly, almost boisterous. But he drank a great deal of gin.

Mrs. Chester avoided her son-in-law. But often she would look at him in silence. He seemed terrible, and she decided that his loud good-nature was all assumed.

Lillian never wept, and rarely spoke. She seemed turned to delicate marble, and Mrs. Chester was almost afraid of her. There was no longer any attempt at confidence between them.

It was not a happy party.

And as they sailed eastward, Crane and his valet sailed toward the west. They would meet again on the other side of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAILS TO FIND HER BROTHER.

WHEN Thomas Carew, vicar of Chansen-Dawes, Devonshire, England, was suddenly called to his reward, his daughter, Mary, found herself without a home and without money. Friends she had, many of them, but it seemed natural that she should seek the protection of her nearest relative, the brother, also named Thomas, now in America.

Thomas Carew, junior, had left to seek his fortune in America five years before his father's death. And Thomas had succeeded, not brilliantly, but substantially. He was still unmarried. He sent Mary a draft, and bade her come to him in Chicago, where they would establish a home.

Having disposed of her father's effects and settled his debts, Mary bade her friends farewell and sailed from Liverpool before Christmas. She had her ticket and enough change in her purse to pay the incidental expenses of her journey. She had, besides, a Bank of England note for ten pounds, which she sewed carefully to the inside of her waist.

She telegraphed to Thomas from New York, and when her train pulled into the La Salle street station, Mary was very much composed in manner and very much agitated in heart.

To her great astonishment and growing fright, Thomas did not meet her at the train, nor could he be found at the station.

Mary waited an hour, and then, not knowing what else to do, she took a cab for Thomas' boarding-house in Dearborn avenue, where she introduced herself to the landlady, only to learn that Thomas himself had disappeared two weeks before.

Disappeared! Thomas had disappeared!

Thus in baldest outline, we have the story of what happened to Mary Carew between November and January.

Of Mary's biting grief; of her tears and loneliness; of the comfort from Thomas' letter; of her bewilderment and fear at the long voyage; of her longing to see her brother; of the tiny hopes that grew through her heartache as she neared his home—of all these there is no need to speak in detail.

Thomas had disappeared.

The particulars of this disappearance were meager enough.

Thomas did not drink, or gamble; he had a good position; he was happy, his friends were sure, save for the natural grief occasioned by his father's death; and he was looking forward with great eagerness to the time of Mary's arrival.

Yet Thomas was—gone. He had dropped out of the earth completely, and for good and all, so far as his friends could discover, without leaving a single clew. His money was still in the savings bank, and there was no trouble at his place of employment.

Thomas had merely left his work at the Western Electric one evening, and had failed to appear at his boarding-house at dinner.

There was nothing more than this to the story.

His fellow employes had looked for him. The police had taken the matter up in the usual desultory police way. His company had even offered a reward, so much did they think of Thomas and so steadily did they believe he had met with foul play.

But if Thomas had been murdered, his body could not be found. He was not in jail, not even under an alias, for the police had his photograph, and they had searched the prison cells, at least, faithfully.

"Skipped," was the police verdict. It was a trifle at headquarters. Thousands and thousands of people "disappear" in Chicago every year. Each vanishment is a tragedy to a little group of human beings, but it means nothing to the city at large. Once in a hundred times, perhaps, the mystery is solved by finding a body in the lake, or some of the other dread places where lost bodies are found; but in the case of the other ninety-nine disappeared ones it is simply a report of "skipped." It is easier for the police to pass it along this way than to solve the mystery.

Mary had her trunk taken up to Thomas' room and sent her ten pound Bank of England note to the Bank of Montreal and had it changed into new silver certificates. The fifty dollars looked like a great deal of money to Mary, but when she found that she had to pay eight dollars for a week's board it was very clear that she must find something to do at once.

It is hard in January for a girl without acquaintance and without business experience to get a position. The Christmas rush is over, and the Easter business will not begin for some weeks.

Mary found that the big stores were not hiring new girls. They had laid off all the extra help and were even dispensing with some of the regulars.

In store and office and factory Mary met with the monotonous refrain:

"Sorry, but we are not employing any new girls now. You might call in the spring!"

And many a keen, hard-headed business man had noted the sorrow and hopelessness under Mary's brave attempt to be cheerful, and had felt sad for some minutes after he had turned her away.

In other offices there were men who, noting her great charm, tried to detain her in conversation and mysteriously hinted at favors they might grant, while they sickened her with their smiles. But there were only a few of these, and the girl turned away from them, pretending not to understand.

So between hunting for a job and the vain endeavor to learn something about Thomas, the days passed and Mary's dollars vanished one by one. She found that her English country-made clothes were plain and old-fashioned on the streets of Chicago, but she refused to spend a single penny for hats or dresses.

She had gone the second day to the British consulate, and the consul, too, had joined in the search for Thomas, but without avail.

The consul's charming wife had seen Mary and learned her trouble, and offered assistance. Mary had been grateful for Mrs. Chalmers' "mothering"? and two or three times, when her heartache became unbearable she had gone there for comfort.

In her search for a job Mary found that there was certain work a girl could always get, but could not always earn a living at.

She had tried addressing envelopes at $1.25 a thousand, but never could earn more than ninety cents a day.

She had sewed buttons on overalls, and earned even less than that.

Once she had made a long journey out Elston avenue to a glove factory which advertised for girls, but the sights and sounds of the river district sickened her and the pay was less than her board.

Mary was not a coward. Her twenty years of life in a quiet English country place had not given her experience, but it had given her something infinitely more precious—it had given her character.

Neither was Mary a fool. While she was not daunted by her experiences. After some weeks, when she calmly looked her situation in the face, she came to a resolution which not only showed her courage, but her good sense.

"Since there is no work for me in the business world at a living wage," she said to herself, "and since there are no governesses here and there is no chance for me to get a teacher's certificate without special training—why, I must do what I can."

CHAPTER IX.

MARY FINDS A POSITION.

HAVING made her decision, Mary Carew sensibly took herself to the consul's wife and stated her case.

"I have decided to enter domestic service. I want you to find me a place."

"Oh, but my dear Miss Carew, "that is impossible."

"Why is it impossible, Mrs. Chalmers? I assure you that I have managed my father's house for years. I am perfectly capable of doing housework. It is really the one thing at which I have experience."

"Of course you are capable, dear. It isn't that. Why——" she paused as she studied the exquisite, high-bred, girlish face, and sighed at the beauty and charm of her—"Why, Mary Carew, in nine-tenths of these new-rich American homes you would look more like the lady of the house than the mistress herself. Why, who could ask you to sweep, and cook, and scrub?"

"Nevertheless I can do those things," said Mary stoutly," and I hope I can do them well."

"But the maids here, like the maids at home, are of the lower classes——" the consul's wife really said "Clawses," but that was just her English way, and it sounded all right to Mary, whose accent was broad enough to satisfy Beacon hill—"they are peasants, you know."

"I suppose most of them are," said Mary, smiling a little. "But what does it matter? All of our grandfathers were peasants if you go back far enough. I am quite sure there was a Carew once who dug ditches, and his granddaughter isn't above washing dishes, when it's necessary."

"But your mother was the Hon. Mary Lattimer, and her father was the Viscount Lattimer," said the consul's wife, reprovingly. "I know that, because the consul told me."

"Yes, and he disinherited her because she married a young curate whom she loved," said Mary, a little bitterly. "Why, the proud old man would not even come to my father's funeral. Do you think he cares what I do? Or do you think I care for his snobbish pride?"

"But that is beside the point," Mary continued hastily, as she noted the shocked look on the lady's face. "Let us look at it sensibly. I have worn my shoes out looking for something to do, and I simply cannot find a place where I can earn enough to live decently. I leave it to you—wouldn't it be better for me to get a place in a respectable family than to work my fingers off in some miserable factory for four or five, or even six or seven dollars a week and have to live in a hall bedroom in some horrid neighborhood, and half starve myself in order to keep a roof over my head? I leave it to you, which is the sensible thing for me to do?"

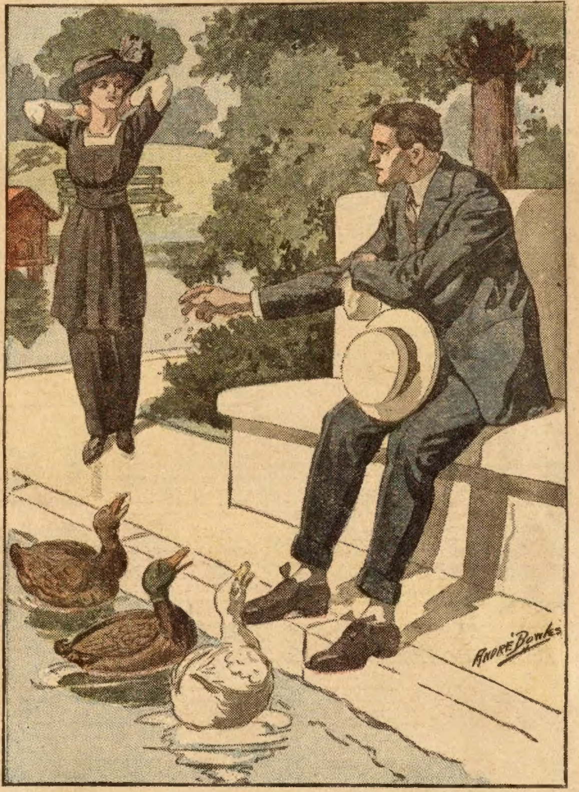
"Oh, you are right, my dear, you are right. But it is hard to be sensible when one is young and pretty. And the idea of a Carew and the granddaughter of a viscount——"

"I know it seems shocking," Mary interrupted lightly. "But it can't be helped. It won't be forever, you know. If Thomas doesn't come back"—Mary paused to clear the choke out of her throat—"I will study stenography at night and fit myself for a better place in an office, and the consul can get me a position."

"Suppose we were to let you stay here for a time, dear, until——"

"You are goodness itself, Mrs. Chalmers, but I simply couldn't do it. I just couldn't take that kind of help, even from you. I'll be grateful to you for finding me a place in a respectable family—I understand that girls are greatly in demand, and that they earn seven or eight dollars a week—but I can't let you do more, though I never will forget your kind offer."

"That's your pesky English pride, dear," said the consul's wife, lightly.



Lillian's photograph came to life.

She laid her hand on Mary's knee and patted it fondly. "I know just how you feel. Now, let me see, let me see."

The consul's wife considered the matter gravely. And as she considered, so strangely do things come to pass, her eye was resting on a letter she had just received.

The envelope carried a Japanese stamp, and was postmarked "Tokio, February 20." And Mrs. Consul's eye rested on it while she considered the matter.

"The very thing!" she cried, taking up the envelope. "Mrs. Chester writes me that they are sailing for home at once. They will be here within a few days, undoubtedly, and then they will be opening up the fine Branders' house, north of Lincoln park. They will be sure to need new servants. That will be just the place for you, since you are determined to look for this kind of work."

"I am determined. Who is Mrs. Chester? Tell me something about them, please."

"Mrs. Chester was an English girl. Her husband was descended from the Kent Chesters, but he lost his money here in some sort of speculation. She had enough left, however, to keep her place in society, and to give her daughter a chance. Lillian was once engaged to some young man—I forget his name. He jilted her, they say. Then she married John Branders. A dreadful man, but very rich. They have been traveling for some months. You will be as safe with Lillian as you would be at home. I will telephone her, if she has returned. If not I will call the butler. They are probably getting the house ready now. I will let you know, dear, as soon as the matter is arranged."

The matter was easily arranged. Lillian had not come back, but the butler was English, you know. He was delighted to be of service to the consul's wife, and he promised to keep a fatherly eye on this unhappy girl who had come all the way from Devonshire, only to find that her brother had disappeared.

Within three days, indeed, Mary told her landlady good-by and was installed in the Branders house as a servant. She found everything being aired and dusted for the expected arrival of the family, and the butler, who knew a lady when he saw one, was very kind to Mary. He was sure that when Mrs. Branders returned she would want Mary for her personal maid, which, he said, would be much pleasanter than helping in the household.

Mary was not so sure of this, but she wisely did as she was told, and did not presume to question the butler's wisdom—for she knew that he had the best intentions.

So Mary had left her English home to enter the house of The Wolf.

Strangely, indeed, does fate gather up the threads of various lives and bring them together.

CHAPTER X.

MARY BECOMES A CONFIDANTE.

LILLIAN BRANDERS had given herself up to stony despair. Her self-imposed martyrdom had ceased to be a mood, if it ever had been such, and now promised to become a mania. At any rate she nursed her unnatural grief with morbid devotion. Perhaps she was like those occasional women who take to their beds in hysterical stubbornness, and end by becoming bedridden.

After reaching home, when she calmly ordered her dressmaker to come, and announced to her mother that she was going to wear mourning for Crane, the exasperation of Mrs. Chester was boundless.

"I wash my hands of you," she cried in despair. "If you want to make an absolute fool of yourself, and a public scandal, I won't stay here and be humiliated by witnessing it. I am going to New York." And to New York she went, forthwith.

Lillian got the mourning idea from Mary Carew.

When she reached home and called for her former maid, Hortense, and learned that the young French woman had married during her absence, the butler at once called her attention to Mary.

Lillian engaged her listlessly, but when she saw that Mary was dressed in black she inquired the reason.

"My father died recently," said Mary. "And while I cannot wear full mourning, of course, I feel more comfortable in black. If you object to it, however, I am perfectly willing to put on white."

"By no means," said Lillian. "My mood, too, is for black. And since the one I loved best in all the world is dead, I, too, will wear mourning." She was all taken up with the idea, and sent for the dressmaker at once.

After her mother left, Lillian shut herself up in her own apartments, where Mary was in constant attendance. It was given out that Mrs. Branders was ill, although she absolutely refused to see a physician. She would not go downstairs, and would not permit Branders to enter her apartments.

From the very first Lillian made no effort to conceal her sad romance from Mary. She dramatized her grief in every possible way. In one corner of her sitting-room she had placed a little table and arranged it like an altar. Here she had collected, as sacred souvenirs, everything that had once belonged to Crane.

There was a gray glove he had once worn, a book he had given her, two or three careless little notes he had written; and, most prized of all, there was a photograph of Crane, placed between two silver candlesticks of antique design which he had once sent her for Christmas.

At first Mary Carew, through a natural feeling of delicacy, pretended not to notice this sadly ridiculous display. To her, grief and love were too sacred to be paraded, and Lillian's altar seemed an impious thing.

But Lillian's sorrow was too big a thing to keep locked in the chambers of her own heart. She had reached a point where she must make a confidante of somebody, and within a week Mary knew the whole story, from Lillian's point of view.

From the way the tale was told, Mary had the impression that Crane was a heartless wretch, who had taught a young girl to worship him and then had jilted her. After her lover's cruel desertion Lillian had married Branders at her mother's command, and because she did not care what happened.

Of course Mary shied at these confidences, but however unwilling she might be to listen, Lillian insisted on telling, and she soon had all the secrets of Lillian's heart. She had been compelled to read the notes from Crane, the clipping from the Bombay newspaper, and she had studied the photograph as if it had been a work of art.

Lillian frankly confessed that this photograph had not been given her by Crane. It was a snapshot, taken in the park, and showed Crane seated on a bench by the side of the lagoon, feeding the ducks that circled before him in the water.

"I paid a photographer fifty dollars for obtaining that photograph," said Lillian. "Mark did not even know it was being taken. Now it is more priceless to me than all the gold in the world."

Mary was shocked at this revelation, but at Lillian's next words the girl was positively horrified.

She had fallen on her knees in front of the table, and was gazing with adoration at Crane's picture.

"I told John before we were married that I loved you, Mark, and that I would always love you," she murmured. "But he laughed at me. He is so strong and so terrible. He had always had his way in everything, and he believed he could make me love him. But he knows that my love for you is greater than everything else in my life. Oh, my dear, dead lover, you are more to me than a hundred living husbands could be."

She took the photograph and pressed it to her lips and then laid it against her heart.

"I understand, Mark," she cried tragically. "He had you murdered in your sleep. But I will be revenged on him. I will take his life. I will kill him at night when he sleeps, even as he killed you. Then you will love me. You will never be cold to me again. Wait for me, beloved. I am coming soon, but not until we have had our revenge."

"My dear Mrs. Branders," exclaimed Mary. "You must not say such dreadful things. You are mad to let your mind dwell on them. Come out and walk with me in the park. See, the sun is shining. You are brooding too much."

"No, Mary, I will never walk in the park again while the sun shines. At night, when I am ready, I will go there to the lagoon where Mark sat so often, and there my freed spirit shall join his freed spirit, and we will be eternally happy together."

These were dreadful confidences for Mary to receive. She did not know what to do. It seemed impossible to betray her mistress by taking the story to the consul's wife, and it seemed equally impossible to tell John Branders that his wife was calmly planning to murder him. Yet, the poor lady was undoubtedly mad, and something must be done.

Mary decided to call up Mr. Branders at his office.

"I am very much worried about Mrs. Branders," she said, when she finally obtained him on the wire. "No, no, she is not ill; not more so than usual. But I think you should send a physician to see her, and I am sure you ought to telegraph her mother. She is very much depressed. She worries about something."

"I know," said Branders grimly. "Very well, Miss Carew. I will telegraph her mother, and I will send for a physician. Thank you."

Mary put on her hat and coat and went alone for her walk in the park. She wanted to be in the sunlight, to rid herself of the ugly and tragic shadows which she felt creeping around her in this unhappy household.

Unconsciously, perhaps, she went to the lagoon, and as she skirted the shores of the little lake she came suddenly upon the most extraordinary scene—Lillian's photograph come to life—Marcus Crane, seated on the park bench, throwing popcorn to the ducks which circled in the water before him.

CHAPTR XI.
MARY MEETS A GHOST.

IT WAS impossible for Mary to mistake the man. It was either Marcus Crane, come to life, or else it was his ghost. It might have been Lillian's photograph thrown on a screen by a moving-picture machine.

Crane was seated on the same bench. He was dressed in what appeared to be the same clothes; he had his soft black hat far back on his head. His arm was upraised in the same attitude, and he was smiling faintly at the circling fowls with the same expression on his face.

Mary gasped and stood stock still, as she stared at him. Then she rubbed her eyes and looked again to be sure it was not an hallucination.

Crane had seen her. He noted the fright and bewilderment in her face, and he sat there for a moment, with his arm upraised, as if he were posing. Thus they stared at one another.

"This is the Little Marie," thought Crane. "This is the girl I loved so long ago, and for whom I have been waiting."

"This is that wretched Crane," thought Mary Carew. "He is not dead. Mrs. Branders has been tricked. It was a fiendish thing."

In ordinary phases of life we hedge ourselves about with conventions, mask ourselves with reserve. Acquaintanceship comes slowly. But this was an extraordinary occasion. In that steady gaze these two did not feel like strangers.

Crane arose and removed his hat, at last, and stood before her humbly, his eyes at her feet.

"You are—Mark—Crane?" she faltered.

He bowed.

"But you were killed—that is—you were supposed to be killed—at the English Hotel in Bombay on the night of January 20," she protested.

"How amazing!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, what does it mean?" She gazed at him with questioning, terror-stricken eyes.

"My dear young lady, you cannot possibly have been concerned in that plot against my life—a plot which so miraculously miscarried. Then how can you know about it?"

"Mrs. B—ah——" she caught herself just in time. It was not for her to betray Lillian to this man who had wronged her. "It was in—the—papers," she concluded, lamely.

"That, too, is impossible. It could not have been in the papers. An attempt was made to assassinate me, but it failed. There were only four people in the world who could have known about it—myself, my valet, the assassin, and the man who hired him. At the hotel not a whisper of the affair was known save to us four. I remained in Bombay for three days. It could not have been in the newspapers."

"There is some cruel, heartless trick here, I'm afraid," said Mary. She gazed at him accusingly.

"Not guilty," he smiled, and in her bewilderment she was conscious of the fact that he did not smile like a villain.

"I think there is an explanation due," said Crane gently. "We are both entitled to know the truth, for I see that in some way the matter concerns you, as it certainly concerns me. Will you waive the conventions for a few minutes, until we get at the heart of this mystery? I am really Marcus Crane, alive, as you see. But I have never seen you before in the world. I know I could not have met you and then have forgotten."

"I am Mary Carew," she said simply, and Crane bowed. "I have never seen you before, but my attention has recently been strongly called to a photograph of yourself."

"Another mystery," said Crane, "as I have not been photographed since I was a little boy at my mother's knee."

"Yet there is a photograph—a snapshot—showing you seated on this very bench, feeding the ducks. It is so like the attitude in which I discovered you a moment ago that I could not help showing my consternation."

"And I have not been here for three years," he said thoughtfully. "I seem to recall that there was a camera man here, taking scenes about the park. He must have included me in one of his views. By what good fortune did it fall under your eyes?"

"Please don't, Mr. Crane," she smiled faintly at his light tone. "This is a very serious matter, indeed. My mind was full of it when I came upon you so suddenly."

"Won't you sit down, Miss Carew, while we talk it over?"

"I would prefer to walk, if you please."

So they moved away, side by side, and in silence for a time.

At last Mary Carew turned steadily to him, and said:

"Until recently, Mr. Crane, I did not know there was such a person in the world as yourself. I am an English girl, and I came to America through the pressure of unhappy circumstances. Chance, or fate, has thrown me in the company of—a person who believes you are dead, and who is very much distressed in that belief. It is this person who has the photograph of yourself, and I have been the unwilling confidante of many things a stranger would rather not hear. Can you imagine, can you guess, who might care enough about you to save your photograph, and to grieve at your death?"

"Miss Carew, I have been a singularly hermitlike young man. My mother died when I was a boy, and I have no nearer relative than a distant cousin who would become my heir, and he certainly has not heard the rumor of my supposed death."

"Are you being entirely honest with me, Mr. Crane?"

"Perhaps not, Miss Carew." His eyes fell beneath her level glance. He felt the warm blood stealing over his face and the odd thought came to him that he had not blushed before since he was a boy.

"There might be one person concerned in the matter," he admitted. "But the concern of this person would be through an entirely unfounded and twisted and morbid mistake of the real truth."

"And who is that person, Mr. Crane?"

"It would be wrong for me to tell you that person's name, I think," he said gravely. "Come, Miss Carew, I don't want to fence with you. But the matter is a delicate one. I may say, that person is most closely connected with the man who plotted to have my life. Does that lead you anywhere?"

"Mr. Crane, are you sure you know the man who sought to have you murdered?" She turned a white face toward him and waited breathlessly for his answer.

"Yes; he told me that day he would have my life; and that night, when my valet and myself caught the assassin, knife in hand, and overpowered him, he confessed all the details of the plot. I'm afraid there can be no possible doubt in the matter."

"Then she is right, about that part of the matter, at least," said Mary, as if speaking to herself. "Oh, it is too horrible to think of!"

"As God is my judge, Miss Carew, the person I spoke of has no foundation whatever for anything more than a friendly interest in what might happen to me. Her belief that I ever did or ever might care is based upon an utter mistake. Her own mother, who dislikes me enough, heaven knows, will tell you that. This seems like a caddish thing to say, Miss Carew, but I want your good opinion as I never wanted anything before in all my life. You must not misjudge me."

Crane's voice was trembling with earnestness as he concluded. Mary Carew was silent, as she looked out across the lagoon. So engrossed was she that she did not see John Branders, a little distance off, half hidden among the trees, staring at her and Crane with unbelieving eyes.

CHAPTER XII.
MARY MAKES A PROMISE.

"I AM willing to believe you, Mr. Crane," said Mary slowly, "because I can see that the poor woman is not right in her mind. Though, of course," she was careful to explain, "your conduct in the matter is nothing to me. It cannot make a particle of difference, so far as I am personally concerned, how much or how little you were to blame."

"Certainly not, Miss Carew," he said resignedly. "Pardon my presumption in hoping that it might."

"The point is, that her situation appears to be desperate, and as I am placed so that I feel the responsibility, I am greatly troubled. Since you, too, are responsible in a way, I think I may explain the whole thing, especially as there is no one else to whom I can talk about the matter. Without going into detail, I may say that she is grieving desperately over your death—that she has lost all sense of secrecy or shame about her feelings, and that she is now clad in full mourning for your memory. Her husband does not know this."

"Poor Lillian," he said.

"And that is not the worst," continued Mary. "She seems to have made up her mind to the most desperate action. She promised your picture, on her knees, not an hour since, that she would kill Mr. Branders while he slept, as she believes he had you killed."

"As he did indeed try to have me killed, Miss Carew."

"And then I take it that she means to kill herself, in the belief that when her spirit joins yours that you will love her and that you and she will be happy together in heaven."

"This is awful, Miss Carew! Something must be done."

"Something indeed must be done. I have called up Mr. Branders, and he has promised to send a physician and to telegraph for her mother, in New York. I dare not tell him the whole truth, of course. She never sees him, and I suppose he has no idea of her mental condition. I must hurry back to her, now. If something should happen to her during my absence I could never forgive myself."

"Miss Carew, you must pardon me if I seem to take a liberty. But do you realize that you are in a position of real danger in that household, with a madwoman and a murderous man to contend with? Your friends have no right to let you be exposed to situation for a minute."

"Alas, Mr. Crane, I have no friends in America. After my father's death I came to meet my brother—only to find that he had disappeared. Mrs. Chalmers,

Continued on page seventeen.)

DOCTOR KNEW
Had Tried It Himself.

The doctor who has tried Postum knows that it is an easy, certain, and pleasant way out of the coffee habit and all of the ails following and he prescribes it for his patients as did a physician of Prospertown, N. J.

One of his patients says:

"During the summer just past I suffered terribly with a heavy feeling at the pit of my stomach and dizzy feelings in my head, and then a blindness would come over my eyes so I would have to sit down. I would get so nervous I could hardly control my feelings.

"Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked if I drank much coffee, and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum in its place as he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful rebuilder and delicious food-drink.

"I hesitated for a time, disliking the idea of having to give up my coffee, but finally I got a package and found it to be all the doctor said.

"Since drinking Postum in place of coffee my dizziness, blindness and nervousness are all gone, my bowels are regular, and I am again well and strong. This is a short statement of what Postum has done for me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly.** 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

From Childhood to Old Age
Kimball Pianos
Are Pleasing in Tone

Send Coupon Today for Beautifully Illustrated Catalog

Kimball Pianos are the choice of the great musicians of America. Kimball Pianos were the choice of the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation and they are the choice of a larger number of present day purchasers than any other one make of piano in the world. There is every reason why the Kimball should be your choice.

Make Home a Play House

No one, young or old, rich or poor, should feel the necessity of leaving home for entertainment. With the wonderful Kimball Solo Player-Piano the young, the old, even the invalid—indoor folks—can play any and all kinds of music and as if by magic change a dreary, humdrum home into a palace of music—a good place to be.

Catalogs, Prices, Terms, Mailed Free on Request

It is to your interest to have our beautiful illustrated catalogs, our FACTORY DISTRIBUTING PRICES and our easy credit terms on Kimball Pianos and the Kimball Solo Player-Piano. Send for them today. The coupon below, a postal card or letter brings them.

$2.25 a Month
Buys a Genuine
KIMBALL ORGAN
At Factory Prices

FREE Music Instructions by Our New Diagram System if you write at once.

You can now buy the famous Kimball Organs direct from the makers at factory prices. We will send them to reliable people anywhere, to be paid for on our extremely easy payment plan—$2.25 monthly and upwards, if desired.

Operating the largest piano and organ factory in the world, employing the largest capital, buying raw material in the greatest quantity for cash—the Kimball system of manufacturing and distributing positively saves you $25 to $50 on strictly first-class organs.

Send Today for Money-Saving Plan and Free Catalog

Under no circumstances can you afford to buy or consider any other organ until you have our money-saving proposition. Our half century's manufacturing experience, our financially strong guarantee mean much to you.

W. W. KIMBALL CO., 5058 Kimball Hall, Chicago

Please send me FREE { Organ / Piano / Player Piano } Catalogs, factory distributing prices and Musical Herald, containing two pretty songs with words and music FREE. Mark instrument you are interested in.

Name ______

City ______ State ______

St. or R. F. D. ______

C. O. D. $1.53 BY PARCEL POST

To advertise our business and introduce our catalogue of watch bargains, we will send this elegant American made lever escapement, stem wind and stem set watch, open face nickel silver plated case. A perfect timekeeper and fully GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS with Mexican Cowboy Fob, all postage paid C. O. D. by Parcel Post. You pay your postman when you receive it $1.53 only and it is yours. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Address

DIAMOND JEWELRY CO.
E 16. 1st N. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

10 Days Free Trial. Send No Money

$2 Hair Switch on Approval. Send lock of hair and I will match and mail a fine 22 in. short stem human hair switch—wavy or straight. A bargain. Remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles hair dressing, hair goods and ostrich feathers. WOMEN AGENTS WANTED

Anna Ayers, Dept. K45 220 So. State St. Chicago

NEW SQUIRT RING

HERE YOU ARE, BOYS, a medallion ring of Sept. Morn. Everyone will see it on your finger and try to get a better look. Press the bulb, concealed in your hand, and Miss Sept. Morn will do the rest by squirting a fine stream of water all over the curious one. Will squirt 20 feet. Greatest joke out, and brand new. By mail with big catalog 15cts. FISHER NOVELTY CO.

Dept 62 721 Sterling Place Brooklyn, N. Y.

California Flower Beads

No. 8 $1 Post Paid

Direct from the maker to you. An Ideal Xmas Gift. Many patterns. Beautiful Colors. Delightful Odors. Send for Catalog. Agents wanted.

MISSION NOVELTY CO.,
738 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Learn to Stuff Birds and Animals. A delightful art, easily learned at home. Big Profits. Save your trophies. Decorate your home. We teach men, women, boys by mail. Write for Free Book today. N. W. School of Taxidermy, 5018 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

CARDS Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free
B. L. SMYTHE CO., NEWARK, MO

FOR FAMILY HONOR

Or, A WORLD WIDE SEARCH

'By AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN
AND DR. H. L. SMITH

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 45, November 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

—

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS SUMATRA.

For ten days Harry Haskell and the rest of the mutineers lay in that hot, stinking hold; and during that time Harry had ample leisure to muse upon the rapid events that had taken place since that windy Sunday at Hurricane Point. His father had not yet gone to trial when he had talked with Paul Harrington in Cape Town, but he probably had ere this, and was now doubtless lying in prison at Sing Sing. He could see in his mind's eye his father's gray hair and pale, wrinkled face, and haggard expression. "Honor" had always been the elder Haskell's watchword. Only once he had forgotten it for the sake of the man that had been like a father to him, and this once had proven fatal. Now Harry felt sure that Philip Ireton had likewise been at the bottom of the Wentworth failure, for he represented the Wentworth interests in South America as well as the Haskell interests; and if what this crazy Africander had said was true, he was stealing pretty heavily from one or the other of the two companies as long, at least, as six years ago. Harry remembered now that he had taken many vacations and could never be found during one of them. As a child he had heard his father complain of Philip Ireton's way of hiding himself during his vacations. No doubt he was that hate-inspiring Captain Hartley during these vacations, and was on voyages to his treasure storehouse. A man representing two such companies as the Haskells and the Wentworths might easily peculate tremendous sums of money in the course of a few years, especially during prosperous years such as the two companies had once known.

He thought of all this, and cursed Philip Ireton from the bottom of his heart. And then, during those terrible days in that dark hole, he grew to muse more and more on sweet Daisy Wentworth. He had not had a line from the poor, brokenhearted girl since that Sunday at Hurricane Point. That she was doing all that she said she would do to comfort his father, he felt sure.

Overland
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
$850
(Model 81)

Electrically Started and Lighted

THIS is the first car of its size, capacity, power and electrical equipment to sell below $1000.

Though the price is lower than ever, the quality is maintained throughout. All materials, metals and workmanship are of the very best.

This newest Overland has the genuine fashionable stream-line body design.

The body color is Brewster green—always so rich and attractive. It is neatly trimmed with fine hair-line striping of ivory white.

The electric starting and electric lighting equipment is one of the most reliable and best established on the market.

There is also a high tension magneto which is independent of the starting and lighting system and requires no dry cells.

This car rides just like it looks—beautifully. The new, long, improved underslung rear springs give maximum riding comfort under all conditions.

Tires are 33"x4" all around. Never before has a car at this price come equipped with such large tires.

It seats five adults comfortably, without crowding. It is a big, spacious five-passenger touring car.

It has the famous Overland 30 h. p. motor of remarkable strength, speed, durability and economy, developing more power than you will ever require.

This car at this price is destined to be known as the greatest motor car achievement of the season.

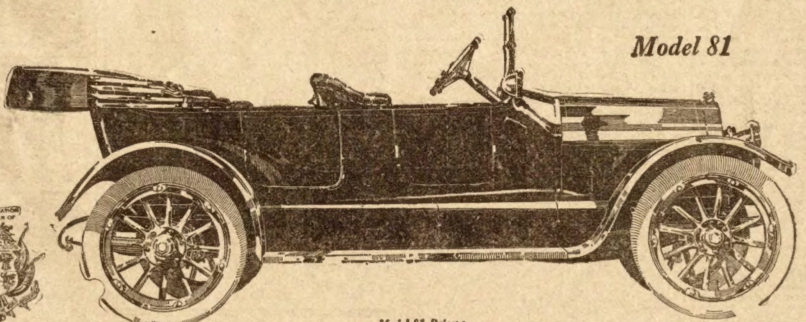
Orders are now being taken for immediate delivery.

Following are a few of the many high-grade features

30 h. p. motor
Ample room for 5 passengers
High-tension magneto
All electric switches on instrument board of cowl dash
Ventilating, rain-vision type windshield
High-grade upholstery
Thermo-syphon cooling
Five bearing crankshaft
Rear axle; floating type
106 inch wheelbase
Demountable rims
One extra rim
Left-hand drive
Center control
Mohair top, top boot, robe rail, foot rest, speedometer, tire carriers, full set of tools, jack and pump.

Handsome catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 57

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 81

Model 80 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car . . $1075
2 Passenger Roadster . $1050

Model 81 Prices:
5 Passenger Touring Car . . $850
2 Passenger Roadster . . $795
Delivery Wagon with closed body . $695
Delivery Wagon with open body . $850

Model 80 Prices
4 Passenger Coupe . . . $1600
All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

He might have learned something of her had he asked Paul Harrington, but he was too proud for that. He knew that wherever sweet Daisy was and whatever she was doing, she was still thinking of him and praying for him. Sometime or other in the past he had read a little rhyme, and now it kept running in his head:

> "Serene I fold my hands and wait,
> Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
> I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
> For lo, my own shall come to me."

If he could be as sure of everything else in the world as he was of sweet Daisy Wentworth's love and fidelity, he could be a happy man in spite of his present predicament.

But all the time that he lay there in shackles he kept thinking of all those disappointed creditors. He could hear them in his imagination cursing his poor, old, gray-headed father and calling him every kind of a villain and thief. He knew that now the name of Haskell, as well as the beloved name of Wentworth, had become a hissing and a byword all over the United States. Musing on these things he became a truly desperate man.

At the end of ten days the Nest Egg sailed into the little Dutch port of Padang, Sumatra, and the six living mutineers—one of them had died from his wounds in that foul hold—were marched down the narrow streets and lodged in jail. The Nest Egg flew a British flag, and Captain Gray would have to have his prisoners tried in a British admiralty court; but the chief thing he was interested in just then was to get rid of these fellows temporarily, until he could have time to go in search of Ireton's treasure. He therefore had them thrown into jail in Padang, promising to return in two months with British requisition papers for one and all of them.

"Now," said Tom, when they were all in jail, "all we've got to do is to dig our way out of this old crib, swipe a sailboat on the waterfront, and beat round the coast to Batavia."

"Better way would be to foller this railroad inland over the mountains and then to raft down the Mempara River to Pulo Lavang and beat out from there an' git across to Singapore an' British territory. That scoundrel Gray don't want us tried in a British court, if he had he'd 'a' never dumped us here. If we can git into British territory maybe we can meet up with somebody that will give us a lift to a boat, and we'll go huntin' treasures ourselves."

This was a long speech for Judd Mason, and of course everybody listened. Two nights after the sailing of the Nest Egg from port, the prisoners had succeeded in making a hole in the stone wall of the jail and had escaped past the sleepy night watchman and reached the railroad at the back of the town.

"They'll never look for us in this direction," laughed Tom. "They'll think a bunch of old salts like us would certainly take to the sea."

The six walked all night long, and a little before daylight found themselves at the junction of the government railroad, where the Solok branch leaves the line that runs northwest and far inland to the great government coal mines. They had with them besides the wounded man, an Africander named Ruhl, an Irishman named Spinks, and a cockney named Stamper, but called by his fellows "Nosey" because of the fact that his nose was exceedingly long and he was always talking through it, when he got a little bit in earnest. None of the men were much used to exertion except Harry, Judd and Tom, who had kept themselves in condition by exercising daily in their narrow prison; and the wounded man, who had received a bullet in his left side, was especially weak. So the whole crowd decided that it would be best to hide in the mountains among the teak timber until nightfall and then to proceed on to the mines and past them before another dawn. There were a few native huts scattered about the gulches near the junction, but back in the mountain a little ways there was no sign of human life. Here they feasted on two Sumatran monkeys, that had become too curious and got knocked on the head, and slept and strolled about till nightfall.

They passed the mines at four o'clock the next morning in a downpour of rain the like of which is only seen in the tropics, and by eight o'clock in the morning were well down the mountain slope on the head waters of the Mempara. Again they laid up and tried to sleep, but they got very little sleep because of the mosquitoes, which had become more and more numerous as they had descended to lower levels, and also because of a great Sumatran bear, which kept prowling about their hiding place. By daylight the next morning they had built a raft and were ready to begin their float down the swifter parts of the Mempara. The river was so full of shoals in these parts that they could not trust themselves to navigate it at night. But the lower reaches they took by night; and the fifth night out of Padang, at midnight, floated quietly into the dark little town of Pulo Lavang, and having appropriated the only sail and rowboat then lying on the riverfront, as quietly rowed swiftly past the town and down the river toward salt water and the Strait of Malacca. Once a group of naked natives came and stood on the river bank and brandished their spears threateningly, and once three Dutchmen leaped into a boat and gave chase to their craft; but both times they made their escape. And soon they had reached salt water, and, spreading what sail they had, made their way across the narrow Strait toward Singapore. They slipped into a quiet bay at midnight, and walking eight or ten miles through the worst and most thickly inhabited country they had ever seen, finally slipped into Singapore as the day was breaking, and soon hid themselves among the low dives and boarding-houses of the place.

They agreed to stay scattered about for a time at least, but to try to see each other every other night, in order to compare plans. Harry was so well pleased to be back on terra firma again and out of the jungles of the mosquito-infested island that he felt almost happy in spite of his many troubles. He did a bold thing. He sat down and wrote a long letter to Daisy Wentworth and another to his father. These he mailed to Billy Sangree, General Delivery, New Orleans, with instructions that Billy should forward them to their proper destination.

Of course he considered that Billy was then in New Orleans, billing and cooing with his starry-eyed Beatrice. Imagine then his surprise, when on the third evening of his stay in Singapore he strolled down the street and met Billy and Beatrice face to face!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CRUISE OF THE ISLAND QUEEN.

"WHY, hello, Harry," called Billy. "How are you by this time, my brave buccaneer? My fair Beatrice and I were just thinking of going seining among the islands for you. We hardly expected the good luck of coming upon you so soon. This is my Bella Donna. I do not remember whether you met her in New Orleans or not. I remember that she was en deshabille at the time, but whether I introduced her or not I cannot remember; but you two know one another of course."

"Yes, I know Beatrice," replied Harry as soon as he had overcome his astonishment sufficiently to speak. "I saw her at the head of the gangplank in New Orleans. No one could see her even once and forget her. Beatrice, I suppose you are Mrs. Sangree now; is it not so?"

"She is Mrs. Sangree," answered Billy. "I couldn't live without her. She's my star, my inspiration, my muse, my Beatrice. But listen, Harry, you look sort o' seedy and sad. How have you been getting along since my fortune-telling days in South America?"

"Bad enough, in a way," replied Harry, "and good enough in a way. I am still living; that's something. And I have learned something about the possible whereabouts of the money Philip Ireton stole. Not much, it is true, not anything definite and geographical; but I know the names of some men who do know something definite and geographical. But we cannot talk in the street. Let us go where we will be in private."

"Come home with us," cried Billy. "We are living in great style for Singapore; we have two rooms and our own brazier. Oh, we are getting to be nabobs indeed."

"And whence all the money? Are you still making use of that letter of credit?"

"Ha, ha," laughed Billy for reply, "did you ever pay the keeper of the little boutique in Bahia? I swear when I think of that light-hearted, rosy-lipped Ynes, I almost wish I had not gone back to my starry-eyed Bella Donna."

At this speech the Bella Donna began a real pout, and Billy became so distressed over having offended her, that he paid no more attention to Harry all the rest of the way to their lodgings. When they were once inside and all was quiet, Harry told his story briefly, and then requested Billy to explain how came he and his Beatrice to be in that outlandish part of the world.

"Well, you see it is this way," said Billy. "After your father was found guilty and sent to Sing Sing, I decided that, as I was not then a married man, I might trot over to little ol' New York and cheer your Daisy up a little. I told her what little we had learned in Bahia, and then she up and tells me that Paul Harrington has figured out that Philip Ireton is somewhere in this part of the world, and she says she knows you'll find it out an' come here; an' she wants me to come here too in order to be on hand if there's any difficult head work to do. Now I remembers that my starry-eyed has a papa in this part of the world, also an uncle, an' that these two are about as big a pair of cutthroats as you will see on any coast, and if P. I. is in any kind of crooked business here they'll perhaps be hep to it. So I proposes to Miss Daisy that I marry her—I mean the Bella Donna—and that she and I come to this part o' the world to look for you and for her loving pater and for P. I. She—I mean your sweet Daisy—goes out and finds the money for our transportation here, and also two thousand bones that you're to use in fitting out a sloop of war to go hunting this P. I. in. Now little Bee and I want to specify one thing, an' that is, that when your sloop of war sails that we're to be amongst her crew."

Big tears of gratitude and thanksgiving were standing in Harry Haskell's eyes when the funny little man had finished. He tried to thank him for his goodness and generosity, but words failed him, and he only took him by the hand and looked into his eyes.

At this juncture the starry-eyed Beatrice spoke almost for the first time since their meeting. "My father ees one robber an' pirate," she said. "If it is that we are going among robbers an' pirates then he will be one good guide, if we can find him, yes."

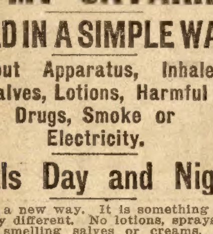
"You are an angel, whatever your

If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say *"Send me your special offer,"* I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my surprising liberal offer.

Address: L. E. ASHER, President
BANNER TAILORING CO. DEPT. 932 CHICAGO



HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity.

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all.

Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—**FREE.** I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say, I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite B 791,
1325 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

$ STAGE MONEY $ Looks like the real stuff. Sample $20 10c, or $200 25c, $1.000 for $1, coin or stamps., MODEL CO. Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

39 SELECTED NOVELS FREE

We want to give you this big collection of thirty-nine Novels, Novelettes and Stories, some of the most interesting works of the most popular writers. Each is a complete story in itself. All are well printed on good paper and firmly bound in paper covers. We will give you this whole collection of best reading just to make you acquainted with our paper, Good Stories.

The Desmond Blood	*Etta W. Pierce*
A Doctor's Story	*Mary Kyle Dallas*
Secret of the Holly-Tree	*Charlotte M. Braeme*
Unmasked	*S. Annie Frost*
The Coral Cross	*Mrs. C. F. Gerry*
The Countess Clarice	*M. T. Caldor*
Lady Maud's Picture	*Jane G. Austin*
Mistress of Thornton Park	*Mary J. Holmes*
In a Violin	*Etta W. Pierce*
The Witching Hour	*The Duchess*

And 29 others.

GOOD STORIES is a monthly paper filled with the best and most delightful serial and short stories we can buy. In addition there are household departments with "tried and true" receipts, helpful editorials, up-to-date fashions. Good Stories has something for every member of the family.

WRITE NOW Send us your name and address with ten cents in stamps or silver for a 3-months' trial subscription to Good Stories, and we will send you, **free and postpaid**, this grand collection of 39 Novels.

Publishers GOOD STORIES, 315 Chapel Street, Augusta, Maine

DROP HEAD SEWING MACHINE

$8.75 $11.95 $16.45 $8.75

If you are thinking of buying a sewing machine and want the best sewing machine made at less than one-third agent's or dealer's price, then

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG

which illustrates in actual color of oak our full line of famous, light running and noiseless Faultless machines at $8.75 to 22.95, and describes them in complete detail. It tells all about the wonderful, improved and perfect mechanism of these best of all machines; gives hundreds of testimonials from people now using them, and explains understandingly why our light running and noiseless Faultless machines surpass all other makes, no matter what the name or price may be. For your own good, for economy sake, before you buy,

WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG and read our great liberal offer to send you a famous, light running and noiseless Faultless Sewing Machine without any money in advance on 30 days' free trial; see our life time guarantee; safe delivery guarantee and read our latest and greatest offer whereby you can use any of our sewing machines at our risk 90 days free in your own home. Write today.

JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St., Chicago

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only $7.50 by Our 7 MONTHS TIME Purchase Plan

to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at $25.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music.

Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE if for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials, record book and other literature. They are free.

S. H. DAVIS, 1-B 8101 May St., CHICAGO

FREE WATCH CHAIN & RING

For a few minutes work giving away 12 beautiful pictures FREE with 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE you sell for us at 25c per box. Return $3.00 and we send watch (stem wind and set) chain and ring or you can keep large cash commission. **Agents earn $3 daily.** You can also earn Lace Curtains, Bed Spreads, Blankets, Doll Sets, Musical Instruments, Silverware, etc. Large catalogue. Write quick! Be first in your town. Everybody buys 2 or 3 boxes.

Wilson Chemical Co.
Dept. N118 Tyrone, Pa.

BIG CATALOG OF BAND INSTRUMENTS FREE

Lyon & Healy Band Instruments have been the standard of America for fifty years. Used by United States Government and leading bands. Best low-priced instruments and also finest $50 value Cornet for $30. Write today.

LYON & HEALY
21-24 Adams St., Chicago

RING AND BRACELET GIVEN

for selling 6 boxes of Smith's **Rosebud Salve** at 25c per box. A great remedy for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, croup, etc. When sold return the $1.50 and we will promptly forward this beautiful gold laid, new style, patent hinge bracelet, and gold shell wedding ring, or choice from our large premium book.

Send No Money, we trust you
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 172, Woodsboro, Md.

This offer made by old reliable firm estab. 22 years.

50 XMAS POST CARDS, Tags, Stamps, Seals, etc., beautifully colored, only 10c. Wonderful bargain. Send today. Agents Wanted. CONKLIN MFG. CO., 2 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

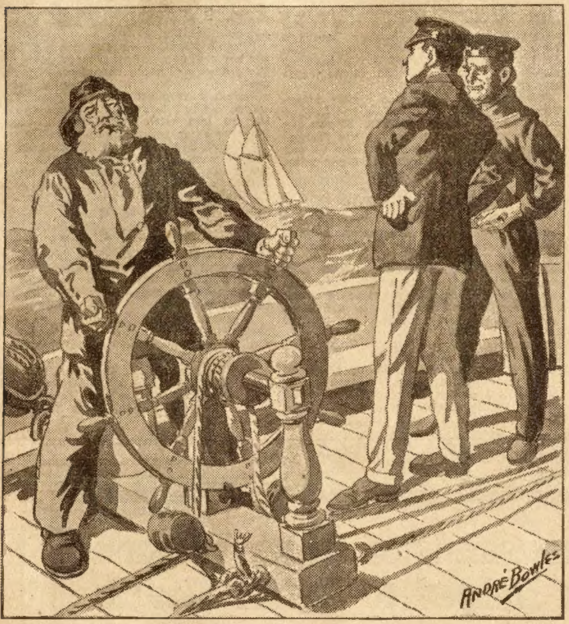
MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address FENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

father is," cried Harry, "and Billy Sangree here is the best fellow that ever lived. If I ever find this villain Ireton's buried loot, I'll make you two independent for life. You've been my salvation. As you see from what I've told you, I was at my row's end. It is impossible for an empty sack to stand; and I was just ready to collapse, when you found me."

"But you have a crew all ready, haven't you?" cried Billy, enthusiastically. "This fellow Judd Mason will make a fine mate, and Tom and Nosey and Ruhl and Spinks shall go along. Let's sail a black flag after we get well out on the high seas. I would so greatly enjoy the sensation of being a real corsair for once."

"Well, I'm sorry, Billy, but you won't get to be that. I shall float the Amerinca flag or else shall let whoever I charter the boat from float whatever flag is on her. You know two thousand dollars won't go far toward fitting out an expedition. It will just about charter a boat for one cruise—and poor Daisy Wentworth had a hard enough time to get it, I'm sure. But let me go out and find my pals, and we'll all gather here again in the morning and discuss our plans."

Within an hour from the time Harry left Billy and his wife, he had gotten together his five faithful companions. Ruhl's wound had now healed almost completely, and he and all the others expressed themselves as ready and anxious to start on this man hunt and treasure hunt. They soon chartered a boat for the price of one thousand dollars for three months, with the understanding that her owner, an old Britisher named Holloway, should sail as second mate. Harry became captain and Judd Mason first mate; Ruhl was chosen as cook, while Tom, Nosey, and Spinks all signed in as ordinary seamen. Each man, however, was promised a fair share in the profits of the enterprise in case it should prove successful. Of course it was understood that the money, should any be found, belonged to the Haskell and Wentworth estates, and that all they should get was a just reward for recovering it. Billy and his wife sailed as passengers of honor.



Harry stood on deck.

"We shall make it our first business to find the Nest Egg," said Harry to Billy and his first and second mates, which constituted his advisory council. "When we get the wind of them, we will follow close at their heel and see where they are making for. That Sicilian on board the Egg knows something valuable, or I'm greatly mistaken. Of course it will be like hunting for a needle in a haystack to hunt for the Nest Egg among these islands, but it's the best thing we can do. We'll keep to main lines of trade and hail every big liner that will listen to us, until we find one that has sighted the Egg; then we'll sail straight into the waters she is navigating."

A week later Harry's boat, the Island Queen, hailed a big sail boat off Surabaya in the eastern part of the Java Sea.

"Have you sighted a small trading schooner, Nest Egg?" Harry shouted through the megaphone."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "passed her forty-eight hours ago in the northern part of the Flores Sea, latitude about six and longitude about one twenty-four, bound northeast."

"That means that she's making for the neighborhood of Buro or Ceram Island, or that she means to round the western end of New Guinea. At any rate we'll spread all sail and follow her into the northeast."

"We'll hold our course east-nor'east, sir, and pass the nor'east Paternosters, though that's a hell of a reef, an' then make the S'layer and Bouton Straits. It will be a rough passage for the Queen, but I know those waters, an' I believe we can make it." It was old Judd Mason that so spoke, and he at once took charge of the little craft.

She spread every inch of canvas she possessed, and kept her owner in constant fear that he would go to pieces at any moment on those numerous and perilous reefs. A southwest wind was now blowing a perfect gale. The little craft passed the Paternosters the next morning at daylight, with Beatrice praying to the Virgin Mary in the cabin, and Billy at the prow in a shower of spray, singing wild sea songs, and every sailor standing by his ropes with his heart in his mouth.

"Sure an' I know now why they call these reefs the Paternosters," said the Irishman Spinks during a moment of comparatively less danger. "I hadn't said me Hail Mary in so long that I'd mighty near forgot it, but I'm saying it now, an' I'll be after sayin' it till we pass the last wan of these divilish reefs. Sure if S'layer Strait is any worse than this I'll be after jumpin' overboard afore we git there."

"Mind your business!" called big Judd Mason, just as a shower of white spray drenched the decks and the keel fairly grated bottom.

Everybody breathed a prayer of thanksgiving as they struck the deeper water again.

"Two more like that an' we'll be over," cried Judd. "Cheer up, my hearties, only two more like that, and then the open sea. With good luck we'll pass the S'layer before dark."

"An' with bad luck, we'll go to the bottom of the ocean," sang out the undaunted Billy Sangree. "So heave ho, my hearties, an' here's to David Y. Jones."

Harry Haskell stood on deck through all this perilous passage of the Paternosters. He was pale and his features looked set, but there was not a sign of real physical fear about him. He was thinking how terrible it would be for Daisy Wentworth and for his poor old father and the family honor should the Island Queen go to the bottom on one of these cruel reefs.

But the ones they had passed were as nothing to those they were approaching. They flew before that southwest trade wind like a sea gull, and there before them suddenly appeared a great streak of feathery white, which burst into a roar about their ears as they neared it

"Hail Mary, Mother of God, full of grace; pray for our souls," sang out poor Spinks from his place at the ropes.

"Stand by to shorten top sail!" yelled old Judd.

From within the cabin the wailing voice of poor Beatrice, praying in Sicilian to her patron saint, could be heard outside the cabin door.

"The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall
be
Yo ho-oo, heave ho!
The sailor's wife, the sailor's star shall
be
Heave ho, lads, ho!"

Thus sang Billy from his place at the prow.

But soon they passed the last and most terrible reef, and then they had clear sailing for the rest of the day. The spirits of the sailors rose as they finished their belated breakfast and lay down under the awnings on the deck to talk over the prospect of catching up with the scoundrel Gray and perhaps having a little fight with him. Harry had declared all along to the owner of the craft that his business in those waters was entirely peaceable, but he nevertheless brought on board a perfect little arsenal, and a great store of ammunition.

The Island Queen passed the S'layer Straits between sunset and pitchy dark that night, and before dark the next night had passed through Bouton Strait and were sailing straight toward Buro Island. They put into the little Dutch port of Maraseti the next day at noon; and there they learned that the Nest Egg had laid up there for repairs and water and had sailed east just eight hours before them, at daylight that morning. The Island Queen hastily took on what provisions and water she had to have, and without further ado put out into the east with all canvas spread. Everybody's spirits rose as they flew east after their enemy and guide. It might mean death to some of those fellows to come up with the Nest Egg in those unfrequented waters, but it certainly meant failure for them not to come up with her, and what sailor does not prefer death to failure when buried treasures are the prize of success?

CHAPTER X.

THE NEST EGG AT LAST.

TWO evenings after the Island Queen had put out from Maraseti she sighted a gleaming white sail to the eastward, clear in the glow of the setting sun.

"They'll not see us," said Judd Mason, "for we've got the sun o' them. Take the glass, Cap'n Haskell, an' see if you can calculate their course. If we can, we'll drop right into their wake afore daylight."

Haskell raised his seaman's glass and studied the gleaming speck for a long time.

"She's making something like northeast, as near as I can make out, Mason," he said finally.

"Now that's my judgment," replied Mason. "Now what do you make her out to be? Is she a small trading schooner, same type as Nest Egg?"

Again Captain Haskell studied her long and earnestly.

"It's mighty hard to tell at this dis-

HOW TO HEAL SKIN TROUBLES

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes, and similar itching skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These will not cost a bit more than seventy-five cents. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stops with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again. For free samples of resinol ointment and resinol soap, write Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

BOYS' ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE NORFOLK SUIT
For Boys 6 to 17 Yrs. Old
$3.98
As a special boost for our boys' clothing department, we will sell 4,000 fine all wool worsted serge suits for only $3.98. Act quickly, for the suits at $3.98 will sell like hot cakes, and no more when the 4,000 are gone. Material is rich navy blue serge, a fine, closely woven fast color fabric of CHOICEST PURE WOOL WORSTED YARN. COAT is handsome single breasted Norfolk; made with yoke, four box plaits and belt and one inside and two outside pockets. Lined with fine English twill. KNICKERBOCKERS are full peg top style, full lined; made with belt loops; side, hip and watch pockets, riveted fly and suspender buttons; double sewed never rip seams. Everything strongest and best. Sizes 6 to 17 years. Shipping weight 3 lbs. SEND 50c. DEPOSIT, give age of boy, state whether large or small for age, and we will send you this rich navy blue pure worsted wool serge suit C.O.D by express subject to examination. The balance $3.48 and express charges you pay agent if you find the suit perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, as stylish and handsome as any suit you ever saw and in quality equal to your home clothier's $6.00 suits. Otherwise refuse to take it and it will be returned at our expense and we will promptly refund your 50c. Order suit today or send for our free special YOUNG MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING BOOK which contains hundreds of pictures (many in colors) of up-to-date, swell looking, perfect fitting, young men's, boys' and children's suits at wonder low prices; Young Men's Suits $3.98 up; Overcoats $4.98 up; Slip-On Raincoats $3.98 up; Mackinaws $4.48 up; Long Trousers 98c up; Boys' Knickerbocker Suits $1.69 up; Overcoats and Mackinaws $3.00 up; Knee Pants 50c up, and all makes and kinds of young men's, boys' and children's clothing at correspondingly low prices. Also the book contains an immense assortment of latest fall things in hosiery, hats, caps, underwear, shirts, gloves, shoes, neckwear and ALL KINDS OF FURNISHING GOODS for young men, boys and children at factory and mill prices. Write now before you forget.
SPECIAL CATALOG BOYS AND YOUNG MENS CLOTHING JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE COMPANY CHICAGO
JOHN M. SMYTH MDSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St. Chicago

Deafness
Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.
Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"*Little Wireless Phones for the Ears*" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.
Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
367 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

1000 Shot Steel Air RIFLE GIVEN
Hamilton 22 Cal. Hunting RIFLE Without Cost
BOYS! We give choice of four Guns (on 4 Easy Plans) for selling our New "Nesiens"—The Salve that Heals—at 25 cents a box. WE TRUST YOU. Order 6 Boxes Magic Healing "Nesiens" today, we send promptly. Easy to sell because it is a necessity in every home. When sold, send us our $1.50 and select your Gun, according to one of the four plans, as you are entitled, in our big list. Extra Gift—just for promptness, so order today.
WAVERLY SUPPLY CO., Box 284, Monongahela, Pa.

DRUNKENNESS
The steady or periodical (spree) drinker can be saved in 3 days with his knowledge. Or secretly. My remedy is guaranteed. Gentle, pleasant, perfectly harmless. It does not matter how many years. This is the genuine home Treatment, medically endorsed and proved by a legion of testimonials. Book and particulars, free, postpaid. Address:
EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., R171 New York, N.Y.

PRESTO KIDNEY PILLS
for all diseases arising from disorders of the kidneys and bladder, such as weak or lame back, backache, congestion of the kidneys, and inflammation of the bladder. This is a scientific combination containing reliable drugs in the proper proportions to secure the best therapeutic effects. Price $1.00 at your druggist's or by mail. Write in for samples and free booklet treating on kidney and bladder troubles.
The Presto Chemical Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich

LADIES—Parcel Post your old willows; let us make from them a beautiful rose pom pom 75c, stick-up $1.00, lobster band $1.25, soft pom pom with stick-up in center $1.25. Neck Boa $2.00 or an elegant French Plume $1.00. Plumes cleaned, curled, dyed or repaired.
ECK DYE WORKS, K-1914 Walnut St., Chicago, Ill.

Secrets of Love Making, OR THE ART OF WOOING, WINNING AND WEDDING.
Tells "How to Court the Girls," "How Girls Should Manage Her Beau to Make Him Propose," "Love Letters, How to Write Them," "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor," "How to Catch a Widow," "How to Make Your Fellow or Girl Love You," Etiquette, &c. This Great Book is the Diamond Key that Unlocks the Door to the Heart. Most helpful to Lovers. Young or Old, Either Sex. Win who you like. This wonderful Book sent Post Paid for only 10c, or 3 for 25c. STAR BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

CORN LAND—IN MINNESOTA. Last year Minnesota led every state in the Union in the point of average yield per acre of corn. You can buy good corn land farms cheap in Minnesota. Write for FREE maps and literature. FRED D. SHERMAN, State Immigration Commissioner, Room 309 State Capitol, ST. PAUL, MINN.

RODS for locating treasures (FREE). Cir's, 10c. Jewel Nov. Works, Kalamazoo, Mich. Desk 8.

FREE Beautiful Gold Neck-Chain, 48 inches long, Genuine Diamond Mounted Solid Gold Slide
With Each Ladies' "Santa Fe Special" Watch
IDEAL GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS
A postal brings our beautiful 4-color, 52-page Watch and Diamond Book, which explains our wonderful free offer and shows you how to save one-third of your Xmas money.
Thin Model
The "SANTA FE SPECIAL" WATCHES BOTH LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SIZES.
Guaranteed to last a lifetime. Either 17 or 21 jewels, adjusted to positions, adjusted to temperature, adjusted to isochronism, adjusted to the second.
New Case Designs
Beautiful, three-color inlay enamel monograms, ribbon monograms, signature and special art designs for exclusive gifts.
DIAMOND RING
Regular $40 Value, $25
We can save you one-third of the money demanded by other dealers. We import direct from the diamond cutters, thus saving you the profit of five or six middlemen. Our diamond book tells inside facts about the diamond business, tells of our special diamond offer and shows our four greatest leaders, at
$25, $50, $75 and $100
EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS
Either watch or diamond sent to your own home without one cent down—Write for catalog today.
Santa Fe Watch Co. Dept. B12 Topeka, Kas.

tance," he said finally, "but she looks remarkably like the general outline of the Nest Egg from here; at any rate we'll cross-course her and get into her wake."

There was an unusual bustle and a great deal of sinister preparation on board the Island Queen that night. It had soon reached the crew that the Nest Egg had been sighted, and that the Island Queen was expected to come up with her next morning.

That night Haskell and Billy Sangree, together with Tom, Judd Mason, and the owner of the craft, held a council of war in the little cabin. The question was how to approach the captain and crew of the Nest Egg and get possession of the secrets which they possessed.

"We can go about this thing in several ways," said Captain Haskell. "First, we can offer to form a partnership with Captain Gray and the crew of the Nest Egg. Maybe when I tell 'em that I'm Harold Haskell, Jr., they'll have respect enough for me to know that I mean business, and they'll forget old prejudices and come in with us."

"An' maybe they won't," grunted Judd Mason.

Tom was next to speak. "Here's my idee," he said. "Le's git up close to the Nest Egg any way we can an' then give 'em a fight for their money; but let that crazy galloot that knows where the swag is live, whatever we do."

"The Sicilian knows as much as the Africander," grunted Mason. "Them two's the two we want."

"Gentlemen, I'd much rather have no lawlessness," said Haskell. "We were in the right in that last fight, and they can't do anything with us for the part we took in it. But do you know what it is to overhaul a ship on the high seas and go to shooting into her? It's piracy, nothing more nor less!"

"Hooray," cried Billy Sangree, "we'll get to be pirates after all. My dreams are coming true."

"Look here," said Haskell sternly, "I mean precisely what I say when I say we want no lawlessness."

"That's right, Cap'n," spoke up the owner of the schooner. "We're not a gang o' bloody pirates; an' if you all are goin' to turn out to be sich, I'll jes' have to take my craft an' steer back to Singapore."

"No, ye won't," grunted Judd Mason.

Everybody fell silent for a moment or two, and then Judd continued: "I believe in fightin' if we have to fight; but I agree with the Cap'n here, that we'd better git hold o' them two fellers by peaceable means if we can."

"I've got it," cried Billy Sangree. "If you fellows have just got your minds made up that you're not goin' to fight, I just might as well let you know that before I left Singapore I swore out a warrant for both the Africander and the Sicilian for receiving and sequestrating stolen goods in company with Philip Ireton, alias Captain Hartley. All you fellows that are known to Captain Gray and his gang can just keep out o' sight, but be ready to fight. Holloway and I can bring the schooner alongside the Nest Egg and then I'll make the demand. I've been deputized, and I'll deputize all you other fellers. Then, if Captain Gray refuses to give up his prisoners, we'll just board his little craft an' make 'er look like a shambles."

"Say, Billy, you're a peach," cried Tom, tickled to death at the renewed prospect of a fight.

"I don't like your plan," said Haskell, "it may be legal enough after a fashion, but it's likely to involve the death of one or more of our own crew, whereas we're shorthanded already, and besides, it's likely to involve the death of the very two men we want to preserve alive. Billy, you've got a good head on you, and you told me in Singapore that you were coming along to do the heavy thinking for the crew. So I'm going to ask you to try to think out some other method of getting hold of the two men we want, aside from fighting the Nest Egg for them. I'll give you all night to think the matter over, and then if you or none of us can think of a better plan of course we'll have to adopt the one you propose. We'll meet again in another council at daybreak."

"At daybreak," muttered big Judd, and one and all got up and sauntered out of the cabin, leaving Haskell and Billy Sangree together.

Each racked his brain till long after midnight. Finally Billy Sangree looked up.

"I have it," he cried. "We'll bring the Island Queen right up close to the Nest Egg, with nobody on deck but Holloway and I. Then we'll let all you fellows that Gray knows suddenly appear on deck, and we'll pretend we're frightened into fits and will run before them. No doubt they'll give chase, and even try to board us. Then, when they do, we'll wait till the Sicilian and the Africander have come overside and then we'll handcuff them two and beat the others back. How'll that work, Captain Haskell?"

"That is certainly a better plan than the other," admitted Haskell. "It has the advantage of putting the Nest Egg on the aggressive; that is, provided they fall for it."

"Well, if they don't fall for it, we've always got the other plan to fall back on," replied Sangree.

So the midnight conference broke up with the agreement that this latter plan would be the one adopted, provided Tom and Judd Mason agreed to it.

The daylight conference was short, everyone agreeing that the last plan that Sangree had hit upon was the very thing; and as daylight came with a bound over those waters, every one on board was delighted to see the Nest Egg only a short distance away to the eastward. By the course that each was holding at daylight, the two schooners would intercept one another by seven o'clock or a little after. The Island Queen put on a little more sail, and Haskell was delighted to note that the Nest Egg almost immediately did the same thing.

Billy Sangree was delighted beyond measure. He sang and cheered the sailors, and boasted greatly of what he was going to do when the fight came off. Indeed every one on board was in high spirits. Ruhl wore a smile that would not come off, Spinks sang the liveliest Irish ditties that he knew, and Nosey Stamper talked through his nose in a most elated manner. Tom showed plainly how anxious he was for a good fight, and even Jedd Mason, taciturn as he always was, bellowed a deep-sea song, with the voice of a fog horn. Only Beatrice and Holloway, the owner of the craft, did not seem to be delighted at the prospect. Holloway was loud in his denunciation of anything that looked like lawlessness or trouble, and poor Beatrice was very, very sad. Still, she upheld her courage with a fortitude that would have become the wife of any sailor.

"Give me half my thousand dollars, an' let me sail back to Singapore!" wailed Holloway. "I didn't know you were a gang o' pirates or I wouldn't never 'a' let out the Island Queen to you."

"Shut up," shouted Billy Sangree, "or we will immediately begin our piratical career by hanging you to one o' your own yardarms."

"That's wot we'll do," roared Judd Mason; and the wailing Holloway immediately subsided.

Everybody had got their weapons ready. The cabin and the cockpit both looked like young arsenals. A sizzling hot breakfast of bacon and coffee was served to everyone where they crouched out of sight.

At about half past six, Haskell gave orders to take in a little sail and slacken speed. He was once more gratified to note that the Nest Egg, whose captain had doubtless calculated their point of meeting as carefully as he had, was beginning to do the same. Upon observing this he gave orders for the Island Queen to spread all sail and change her course a little as if she were trying to avoid the Nest Egg. The ruse worked better than anybody on board expected. The captain of the Nest Egg plainly meant to overhaul them. And yet he could not possibly know who was aboard the Queen. Could it be that he had turned out-and-out pirate? It looked that way, to say the least.

At half past seven the two schooners were in hailing distance of each other. And then all the old mutineers suddenly appeared on deck in plain view of Captain Gray and his crew. They pretended to have been occupied below and not to have known of their ancient enemy's presence, and they pretended mightily that now that they saw the Nest Egg near, they were terribly frightened and anxious to spread all canvas and try to make an escape.

The villainous Captain Gray shouted at them through a megaphone: "That's right, you dirty mutineers, run for it! Run for it like cowards. I suppose you're plain out-an'-out pirates now; only you're too cowardly to fight! But we'll overtake you!"

Judd Mason picked up a megaphone and answered his old captain in three words—three scorching words that have become immortal for their brevity and force. But Haskell pretended to be very angry and very much frightened at the mate's temerity, and hastily knocked the megaphone out of his hand. Then the Island Queen spread every inch of canvas she had, and the chase commenced in earnest.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Dogs' Ways.

"Mrs. Divins is very particular about Freddy," remarked Mrs. Graw. "She never lets him play with other children—afraid he will learn too much mischief and naughtiness from them. She is very particular with that child. She never lets him go near a dog. He must never touch a dog for fear of hydrophobia and fleas. I think she is very sensible. A mother can't be too careful."

"Aw, yes she can," said Graw. "A woman can be considerably too careful. Children learn more wickedness from old people than from other children. The other day I saw a kid get a lickin' for talking to his mother the way she talks to her husband all the time. She said the kid was being 'sassy.'

"Let the children play with the dogs—if the dogs are fools enough to do it. If the dogs are wise they will never allow themselves to be played with. A wise mother dog will educate her puppies not to play with children. Dogs have much more to fear from children than children have to fear from dogs. The only things kids can catch from dogs are hydrophobia and fleas.

"Dogs," continued Graw, "have no more sense than children. They are very human. They always want something that isn't good for them. They know they suffer with human companionship, but they suffer more without it.

"A dog is bored most of his time, and he would rather die any kind of a death than be bored. He would rather be in a dentist's chair than suffer the pangs of ennui and just stand around in a yard where there is nothing to chew and tear. That is why he welcomes a child. There is sure to be a diversion.

"A puppy doesn't enjoy being held up in the air by one leg any more than you and I would. I gather this from the sounds the pup always emits under such circumstances. Neither does he enjoy having his head thrust into a bean can. A dog's anatomy is sensitive to compression. Squeezing is as much a discomfort to him as to you or to me. To be filled with a big dinner which squeezes outward, and to have a strong-armed child squeezing inward at the same time is not comfortable.

"Being bounced off the ground is no joy for a puppy, judging from the grunt. Wiry dogs can catch themselves by their feet, of course, but a puppy whose stomach nearly touches the ground receives the full force of the ground's coming at him with awful speed, and it jars his little innards considerably.

"If Mrs. Divins doesn't like to have her son play with dogs, so much the better for the dogs. We will keep our puppy at home. Napoleon gets about all the mauling he can stand as it is."

* * *

After All.

In Denver they tell of a young Britisher who will some day inherit a title, and who not long ago married the daughter of a supposedly wealthy man of that town.

A month or so after the marriage the father-in-law took the husband aside. "I am ruined!" he exclaimed. "Practically every cent is gone!"

The Briton was a good loser, however, for he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and exclaimed with a little laugh:

"By George! Then I did marry for love, after all."

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD READ THIS

Just as Thousands of Other Women Have Been Helped to Better Health

by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription so can you be! If life seems a burden to you because you are nervous, excitable or irritable, if you have backache, headaches, unnatural pains at times, it is because the functions of the feminine organs are not being performed as nature intended. Present discomfort may be followed by a break-down of the constitution; but

DR. PIERCE'S
Favorite Prescription
(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

can be confidently recommended as a powerful, invigorating tonic. It gives strength to the whole system and especially to the organs distinctly feminine. Those whose work compels them to be too much on their feet—those overactive in enjoying themselves—all kinds of women—have found the Favorite Prescription a real blessing because of its power to bring restful sleep and to banish mental worry and low spirits.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was introduced over forty years ago after careful study of the troubles and needs of women. In all these years of use it has given universal satisfaction. It can be obtained now in liquid form (as heretofore) or in tablets from all dealers in medicines—or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box of tablets to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, New York.

Every mother—every woman—should avail herself of the opportunity to secure free a copy of Dr. Pierce's great book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This will give you information and advice of vital importance to you—certain to save you suffering and pain. Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay just the cost of mailing and wrapping the 1008 page, cloth bound book to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Nervous Wreck Saved

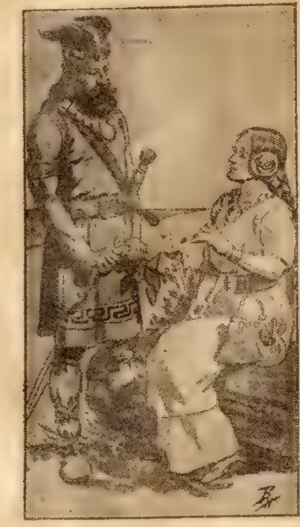
Miss Elizabeth Lovdahl, Berkeley, Cal., says:—"Thousands of dollars would not repay me for what Dr. Pierce's medicines have done for me. I was a nervous wreck when I began their use, and they entirely cured me in a short time, at little cost. Now I can invest my money in real estate instead of doctor bills, and I enjoy excellent health. Am never without your medicines. One thing I appreciate about them is that they do not contain any alcohol.

"Several years ago I was completely broken down in health from over-work and being on my feet constantly. I spent several hundred dollars on doctors and medicine but with little result. The doctors told me it was womanly trouble caused from being on my feet too much. I was aching and had pains all over my body and was so nervous that I could scream if any one talked to me or even looked at me, but I had the good fortune to meet a nurse who had been cured by using Dr. Pierce's medicines. She had practically the same ailment that I was suffering from and she advised me to get the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' also the 'Pleasant Pellets,' which I took for six months. I have never had an occasion to consult a physician since—am in excellent health but always keep some of your medicines on hand."

LEIF THE BOLD

Or, FIRST IN AMERICA

By WILLIAM H. MANNING



"Will you go with me?"

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 44, October 3. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

A RASH PLAN.

FROM the water sounds of shouts and the clashing of weapons came to Leif Erikson and his men, and as the Earl led the party of relief he arrived at a decision as to the cause of the trouble.

"The Indians have attacked our anchor watch," he explained.

"Your guess seems good," Thorkel replied, "but they will find their mouthful too big to swallow. By the hammer of Thor, we will cleave each man in twain!"

"They are fools to make the attempt," added Henrik.

"What!" cried Olaf, "only one ship is there."

"By the spear of Odin, the Sea Rider is gone!" gasped Thorkel.

It was so. The Strong Cub rode to her anchor, but of the other vessel no sign was to be seen at her berth.

"Gone!" gasped more than one warrior blankly.

"Not wholly," exclaimed Leif. "Look near the point of the sand-spit. The Sea Rider is there, but under way. The heathen have stolen her, and—see! a lot of their little boats are ahead of her. She is being towed out of the harbor!"

"How are we to overhaul her?" Thorkel demanded. "By the time we have our own boats in the water she will sail away, and their crafts are black with men. Truly, the heathen Indians are making fine speed of it, for towing."

Leif was at fault. Not knowing how familiar the native people were with large vessels he did not know the full scope of their powers, and what could be done to baffle them was little. He had unstepped the masts of the Strong Cub and battened the sails down on the roof of the hut occupied by Thora and Inger, so nothing remained to aid in pursuit but the small boats of that ship. All the chances seemed to be in favor of the thieves.

Arriving at the land's end, the relief party heard the shouts of the watch aboard the Strong Cub ringing in their ears, but it did little good then. Men sprang into the water and swam out, the idea being to improve the one chance open to them and get the boats afloat as soon as possible, but Leif stood with knitted brows and watched the vanishing Sea Rider.

He had a deep contempt for the other ship, and it would be a crushing blow to lose his own stout craft.

What was to be done?

"The heathen go fast," growled Ludwig.

The Earl suddenly started and looked keenly.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked quickly. "To me they seem not so well-doing as before. There is confusion in their boats, and progress appears to be stayed.

"Has their two-line parted?"

"I see, I see!" cried Leif joyfully. "In trying to round the point of the sand-spit they have gone aground. We shall have the ship back. We will swim to the point. Follow me!"

He sprang into the water, and was followed by such of his men as had remained by him. Their lusty shouts quickly gave information to the others, and dismay was turned into hope.

Confusion certainly prevailed among the thieves. They had planned well, as far as their experience went, but, not knowing that the draught of a large vessel demanded great depth of water, they had only waited to get the depth sufficient for their canoes, and then, eager to make haste, had swung around the point too soon.

Now, the Sea Rider was aground.

Boats splashed down from the Strong Cub without much ceremony, and these and the swimmers started for the point. When they arrived there no one disputed their rights, for every canoe was gone, shooting ahead like arrows under the powerful strokes of their paddles.

Seeing that pursuit would be wasted time, they were allowed to go without more than warning words to spur them on.

Once more in possession of their ship, due notice was taken of her position. It was supposed, at first, that the problem was serious, but it proved otherwise. Going aground when towed, and at moderate speed, despite the belief of the Norsemen, she barely hung to the shelving land. Steps were taken to haul her clear by power exerted from the boats, but before action was taken she went free of her own volition.

Ten minutes later she was back at her anchorage.

Leif was a harsh master when his men had been careless, but he always looked before acting, and no reproof was ever voiced in this case. The reasons were, first, that the rope used for a tow-line had not been taken by the Indians from either ship, but from the camp; and, secondly, that both members of the anchor watch had been shot with arrows at the beginning of the trouble. Neither was severely injured, but they had been made helpless.

The Earl had already learned that he had a cunning foe in the Indians, and was just enough to see that his own plans had not been careful enough for the safety of his ship.

When all work had been finished the Norsemen were in high spirits. The adventure had been no more than a pleasant excitement, and nothing had been lost, so they jested at the expense of the baffled barbarians and sang stirring Eddas of triumph.

Back on the land, however, was a more serious group. Regnar, the Bear, was there, with his daughters and Alger Grayfell. The latter was profoundly downcast, for the attempt of the Indians would lead to fresh precautions as to the ships.

"It ends our last hope of securing the vessel ourselves and getting away," muttered Regnar.

Alger said nothing.

"I think," replied Thora, "that we shall yet go free."

"Perhaps, but how—yes, and when?" complained the Viking.

"When the arrow reaches Leif's weak spot."

"Girl, I would not be harsh with one I love so much, but vain talk stirs me to anger now."

"Father Regnar," she answered soothingly, "have patience with your child. All is not lost. In war the Bear Viking always wins. For this trouble, trust the young of the Bear."

"Daughter, daughter, what can you do?" he said, more gently. "Hold up your hands! See how slight they are! Can they conquer Leif and his crew?"

"Great Bear, all power is not in the hands. Wait, and watch your child."

With this Thora moved away, and as Inger followed no one made objection, but Alger suddenly grasped Regnar's arm.

"Chief," he said deeply, "I have just found the way. I will go to the Indians, bind them to me by promises, and by their help I will master this new-made Earl. Ay, I'll go to them tonight. In ten minutes I shall start!"

CHAPTER XI.

THORA SUGGESTS.

REGNAR looked at his companion in surprise.

"Are you mad?" he asked, wonderingly.

"No," replied Alger, with sturdy speech. "The Indians are our salvation. They must be like other ignorant barbarians, and that means that a few trinkets and gay frippery will buy them and their help. I will go to them at once, carry what is to be got at now, and, promising them more, secure their help. I, too, can talk with signs. With a Norse brain to plan, the next attempt will not fail. By help of their numbers we will get the ship away from this harbor."

"And then?" asked the Bear Viking, impassively. "Having the ship, will they not hold to it for themselves? Our few men would be nothing. We should all be butchered, including our women."

The enthusiasm died out of the young man's face and his head lost its high poise. He had heard words of wisdom

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Makes Stubborn Coughs Vanish in a Hurry

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup Easily and Cheaply Made at Home.

If some one in your family has an obstinate cough or a bad throat or chest cold that has been hanging on and refuses to yield to treatment, get from any drug store 2½ ounces of Pinex and make it into a pint of cough syrup, and watch that cough vanish.

Pour the 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 54 cents, and gives you a full pint—a family supply—of a most effective remedy, at a saving of $2. A day's use will usually overcome a hard cough. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste. Children like it.

It's really remarkable how promptly and easily it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. A splendid remedy for bronchitis, winter coughs, bronchial asthma and whooping cough.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, which is so healing to the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., 204 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

GENUINE DIAMOND $1.98

WEAR DIAMONDS

$1.98 *Solid Gold "Lucky" Brooch set with diamond.* **$1.98** *Solid Gold Scarf Pin set with diamond.*

Diamonds put you in a class by yourself and give you an air of prosperity. This is your chance to buy genuine diamond jewelry at the very lowest prices. Not "chips" or rose diamonds but positive full cut stones.

STRONGEST GUARANTEE EVER MADE

Take the brooch or pin to any jeweler in your city, if he does not say that the jewelry is positively genuine and worth at least three times as much as you paid for it, send it back with his name and address and we will gladly refund your money.

"NO MONEY DOWN" is our Motto

We send you the goods C. O. D. on approval. Don't keep them unless you are fully satisfied. Immediately on receipt of your letter we send you the jewelry with our

WONDERFUL BOOK ABSOLUTELY FREE

This beautifully illustrated book shows you all the latest New York jewelry. It tells you also how to get an

ELEGANT $25 GENUINE DIAMOND RING

positively without cost to you by joining our Christmas Purchasing Club. Send for the jewelry and the catalog today. Don't hesitate. Write now.

Chas. Lane & Co. (Est. 1870) 662 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Sunshine Lamp 300 Candle Power FREE

To Try in Your Own Home

Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. For Homes, Stores, Halls, Churches. A child can carry it. Makes its light from common gasoline. No wick. No chimney. Absolutely SAFE.

COSTS 1 CENT A NIGHT

We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER. Write today. AGENTS WANTED.

SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
264 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE—$5.00 GERMAN SAFETY RAZOR WITH SIX BLADES

with a 20 year guaranteed 1m. 21 jeweled Ladies' or Gents' American watch—stem wind—stem set. Beautifully engraved, thin model, gold-filled hunting case. Watch alone worth $15.00. Send us your order and we will ship you C. O. D. both the razor and the watch. If on examination goods are satisfactory, pay expressman $4 95—if not return at our expense. Offer made for only 30 days. Send your order now. Star Watch Co., Dept. 16, Chicago

No Joke To Be Deaf

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.

I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make myself hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co.
109 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

WEAR THE EMBLEM OF PEACE!

Show your protest of the **European War.** Work for **Universal Peace. Emblem Ring or Button,** like illustration, of **Solid Sterling Silver** beautifully enameled. **Guaranteed.** Join the "Army of Peace Workers" by sending **only 25c.** Ring postpaid. Enclose paper finger measure

THE TAYLOR COMPANY, Dept. C. Providence R. I.

LUMINOUS CRUCIFIX SHINES AT NIGHT

Beautiful Figure of Our Saviour sheds a mysterious holy light. Appropriate Xmas gift. **Agents wanted.** Sells on sight. Big profit. Lowest price ever quoted on this wonderful work of art. Write Crucifix Dept. INTERNATIONAL METAL & FERRO CO., 16B, CHICAGO.

3 Years to Pay —For the— Sweet-Toned Meister Piano

30 Days' Free Trial We Pay the FREIGHT

You are not asked to deposit, or pay or advance a cent in any way until you write us and say that the MEISTER is entirely satisfactory and you wish to keep it. Then these are the terms of sale:

$1 a Week or $5 a Month

No Interest On Payments

No cash payment down. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf free. *Sold direct from the maker to you and we guarantee you a saving of $100.*

Send now for our beautiful Free Catalog which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos. Our resources exceed $4,000,000.

$175

Rothschild & Company
Dept. V-12 Chicago, Illinois

A BEAUTIFUL 31 PIECE DINNER SET

Free to Every Woman

Send No Money. Our 19th Successful Year.

Every piece pure white, high grade china, violet design. One of the richest looking, most stylish Dinner Sets on the market. Absolutely up-to the-minute and of indisputable quality. Guaranteed not to craze. Will add beauty to any table. Get this set. Merely give away FREE 20 beautiful Art Pictures 16x20 in. (sell for $1.00 each in many stores) with 20 boxes of **White Cloverine Salve,** which you sell at 25c. each. Send us the $5.00 collected and the set is yours. A doctor discovered "Cloverine." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Catarrh, Corns, Piles, etc. You can also earn Watches, fine Jewelry, Bed Spreads, Blankets, Musical Instruments, Silverware. Large premium catalog. Be first in your town. Everybody buys 2 to 3 boxes. Our plan is the easiest—you will be pleased. Address at once

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. N218 TYRONE, PA.

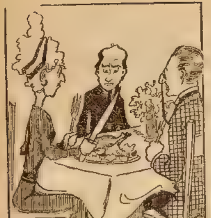
$3.95

20 Year Guarantee

ENGINEER SPECIAL

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our big catalog of wonderful watch bargains, we will send you by insured Parcel Post C. O. D. this genuine 7 ruby jeweled Engineers watch, regular 18 size, stem wind, stem set and regulated. Fitted with gold [illegible] case, dust proof case. Both case and movement guaranteed 20 years. Worth $[illegible] to anyone who requires an absolutely accurate timekeeper. Send your name post office address and pay postmaster $3.95 when you receive the watch. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded.

HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 16-K CHICAGO, ILL.



Landlady (at Thanksgiving dinner)—"We should be thankful for small mercies."

Boarder (looking at small turkey)—"We have to be."

It Went Down His Neck.

An Ohio farmer took his numerous progeny to a county fair in that State. As the party moved about the grounds, the father felt his fourth born tugging at his coat tails. He turned, and the youngster begged him to buy a certan toy.

"Buy it yourself," said the father. "Where's the dime I gave you a little while ago?"

"It's down my neck."

"Well, shake it out."

"But, father," protested the lad. "I can't. It was in my mouth just before it went down."

Sorry He Spoke.

Mr. Grumps—"What idiotic things they do print on the women's page of this newspaper!"

Mrs. Grumps—"Yes. I wish they would discharge the fellow and put a woman in charge of it."

An Accommodating Town.

"Is this town 'wet' or 'dry'?"

"The upper crust is 'wet.'"

"What do you mean by that?"

"The poor man can't get liquor, but all the clubs serve it."

The Main Question.

A man was arrested on the charge of robbing another of his watch and chain. It was claimed that he had thrown a bag over his victim's head, strangled, and robbed him. There was so little evidence, however, that the judge quickly said

"Discharged!"

The prisoner stood still in the dock, amazed at being given his freedom so soon.

"You're discharged," repeated the judge. "You can go. You're free."

Still no move from the prisoner, who stood staring at the judge.

"Don't you understand? You have been acquitted. Get out!" shouted the judge.

"Well," stammered the man, "do I have to give him back his watch and chain?"

A True Gift of Fiction.

In a New Brunswick village a town character who preferred emphasis to the verities was a witness in a petty trial involving an auger. He positively identified it as the property of the parties to the suit.

"But," asked the attorney for the other side, "do you swear that you know this auger?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known it?" he continued.

"I have known that auger," said the witness impressively, "ever since it was a gimlet."

A Woman of the World.

Mr. Verarich—"Do not, do not answer hastily. I will give you time to reflect, if you wish."

Miss Beauti—"It won't take long. How many clubs do you belong to?"

"Well—er—five or six, but——"

"Then I will be your wife. I probably will not see you often enough to matter."

A Crank's Fate.

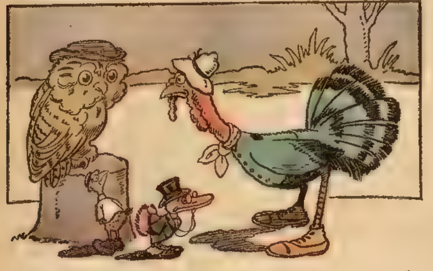
Friend—"That old crank Whitehair, who always refused to have a doctor, died last night."

Doctor Dosem—"I knew it. I knew it would happen. I prophesied forty years ago that he would die some time."

News From Home.

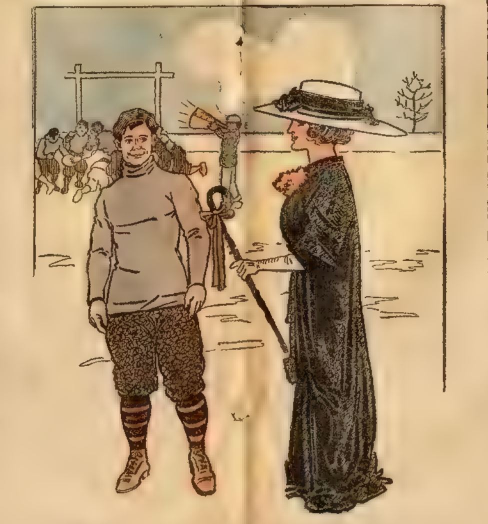
First Tourist (from South America)—"I just got a letter from home. They have had two wars and a revolution since we left."

Second Tourist—"Anybody hurt?"



The Judge—"Now, sir. What is your excuse for not wishing to serve on the jury?"

The Turkey—"Please, your honor, I am opposed to capital punishment."



Evelyn—"And who is that tall young man at the other end of the football gridiron?"

George—"That's the coach."

Evelyn—"Well, from the noise he's making I would think you would call him the automobile."

War According to Fashion.

The intrepid General was rallying her wavering female troops.

"Women," she cried, "will you give way to mannish fears?"

A muffled murmur of indecision ran through the ranks.

"Shall it be said that we are clothed in mail armor?" shrieked the General.

The murmur became a mumble.

"Will you," fiercely demanded the General, "show the white feather in a season when feathers are not being worn?"

The effect was electrical.

"Never!" roared the soldiery. And, forming fast into battle array, they once more hurled themselves upon the enemy.

The Marked Spot.

It was in the Burnet Woods Park last summer that a man hired a boat. For almost the entire hour that he was allowed, he cruised around on the little lake and then suddenly pulled for the shore.

"I lost my watch overboard!" he shouted, as he neared the landing stage.

"Where?" asked the watchman.

"Right here," returned the one in the boat. And, pointing to a deep cut in the side of his craft: "I cut a notch right where she went over."

The Worm Turns.

"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence?"

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck; "I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence would be a positive pleasure to me."

For Ladies Only.

Old Gentleman—"There is something wrong with that slot machine in there. It claims to tell your correct age. I am over seventy and it made me out thirty-five."

Hotel Clerk—"That machine is for ladies only. You will find a better one in the billiard-room."

Long Runs.

Hem—"Is Ravenyelp much of an actor?"

Haw—"Nothing out of the ordinary."

Hem—"But he is always boasting about his long runs."

Haw—"That's probably because he takes a prominent part in the chase films for a moving-picture company."

An Encouraging Sign.

Farmer Meadow—"How is your son doing in the city?"

Farmer Harrow—"He hasn't said much about his business, but he writes me that he's got lots of friends there."

Farmer Meadow—"That's encouragin'. That shows that he hasn't had to borrow money yet."

American Weddings.

Foreigner—"Your young girls are the pictures of health; but why do the married women look so delicate?"

American—"Oh, they always work themselves sick getting ready for the wedding."

A Matrimonial Prize.

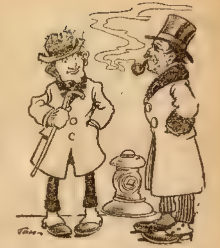
Old Friend—"Your little wife is very highly educated, isn't she?"

Happy Husband—"Bless you, no! She doesn't know enough to last her over Sunday. Why, she even enjoys the meetings of the Ladies' Literary club."

Hard to Suit.

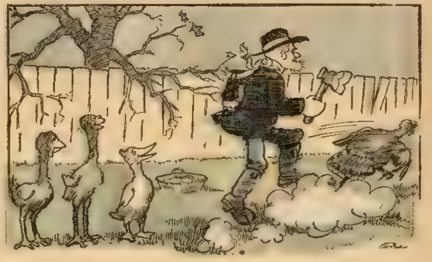
Employment Agent—"What was the matter with your last place?"

Domestic—"The missus was too young. It made me look old."



First Actor—"I see where the great actress is going to play in the poorhouse Thanksgiving for charity's sake."

Second Actor—"That's nothing new for us. We have been playing to poor houses ever since the season opened."



The Duckling—"There goes the old turk that laughed at us for being kids. Oh, say!"

The Weak Point.

Winkers—"The gold cure may be a good thing in its way, but it has one insurmountable objection. It costs money."

Binkers—"The curing of any disease costs money."

Winkers—"Of course, but with inebriety it is different. A man never feels the need of a cure until his money is all gone."

The Prisoner's Excuse.

Judge—"You are charged with breaking a chair over your wife's head."

Prisoner—"It was an accident, your honor."

Judge—"What! Didn't you intend to hit her?"

Prisoner—"Yes, but I didn't intend to break the chair."

The Subject of Bobby's Prayers.

"Bobby, I suppose you say your prayers every night."

"Yes'm."

"And what are the things you pray for?"

"Mostly that pop won't find out what I've been doin' through the day."

Not An Omission.

Mrs. Benton tasted the savory morsel she had carefully compounded in the chafing dish and looked at her husband somewhat apprehensively. Then she said:

"Somehow it doesn't taste just as Mrs. Mink's did the other night. Yet I thought I remembered the recipe all right. I suppose I must have left something out."

Mr. Benton tasted reflectively.

"I don't think so," he remarked.

Mrs. Benton's face brightened visibly. Then her husband continued.

"There's nothing you could leave out," he said, "that would make it taste like this. It's something you've put in!"

A Heartfelt Wish.

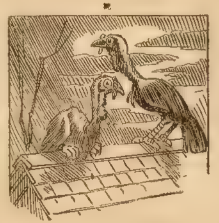
Pedestrian (to beggar)—"I have little money to give you, because I am a poet, and, what is more, my poems are not to be published until I am dead. Here's ten cents."

Beggar—"Long life to ye, sir."

Her Choice.

Mr. Borem—"Shall we talk or dance?"

Miss Weereigh—"I'm very tired. Let us dance."



Tom Turk—"Do you think it's wise for us to live high so near Thanksgiving?"

Teddy Turk—"If we don't live so high they can't reach us, we won't live at all."

A Suburban Idyl.

Visitor (in suburban village)—"Who are those two men swearing at each other across a fence, and apparently determined to fight over some chickens that the one with a rake is pointing at?"

Resident—"They are Mr. Meek and Mr. Lamb, formerly of Fifty-ninth street. They moved into the suburbs for peace and quiet."

Could Live Up to It.

Lady—"I can let you have this old suit of my husband's, but it is much too large for you."

Tramp—"That doesn't matter, mum. I kin drop an 'h' occasionally, an' folks will think I'm a London swell on a pedestrian tour."

The New Broom Not Hurt.

Mistress—"Are you sure the cake is done?"

Domestic—"Yes, mum; I tested it with broom straws."

"Hum! Where did you get the straws?"

"Oh, it was from an old broom, mum."

The Brute.

"George, what are you burning, dear?" she inquired, going to the grate and peering over his shoulder.

"The letters I wrote you before we were married."

"You heartless wretch! I wonder if all men are so devoid of sentiment? You——"

"I am doing it in your interest, dear. I'm trying to fix things so that when I die nobody can dispute my will on the ground of insanity."

In the Wrong Place.

Little Cissie had fallen down and cut her knee. Mother promptly rendered first aid, but as it was rather dark and she could not see the wound properly, she consequently placed the bandage rather too low.

"Oh, mummie," complained the child, "this bandage is not in the right place. I fell down higher up!"

Letting Him Down Easy.

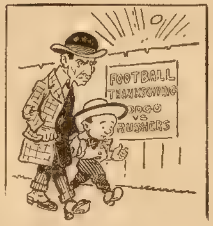
Mr. Oldbeau—"I admit that there is—er—some difference in our ages, but think of the advantages of such a wealthy alliance."

Miss Youngthing—"It cannot be, Mr. Oldbeau, but I will always be a granddaughter to you."

Easy to Laugh.

Mrs. Brickrow—"It does a body good to have Doctor Grinn when one is sick. He is always so jolly."

Mr. Brickrow—"You'd be jolly, too, if you were getting three dollars for a ten-minute call."



Little Teddy—"Uncle, why do they have a Thanksgiving day?"

Uncle Grouchmore—"To give thanks for the close of the football season."

Canny.

As Sandy holed out on the first green his friend from over the border asked:

"And how many strokes did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Ah!" said the Englishman. "I took seven; so that's my hole."

The Scotsman ventured no reply, but when on the second green the Englishman repeated his former question and made inquiry as to the number of strokes taken by his opponent, the latter nodded his head, and, with an expression of infinite wisdom on his face, gently murmured:

"Nay, nay, my mannie; this time it's my tur'rn to ask first."

Ye Modern Mistress.

Fair Guest—"My goodness! This room looks like a prison cell. What is it for?"

Hostess—"That is to lock myself in when I scold the cook."

A Matrimonial Net.

Ida—"After all, a hammock is nothing but a net."

Ernie—"You are right. Many a girl makes a good catch in one."

No Chance of Failure.

Upton—"How is Bilton getting along now?"

Downton—"Haven't heard lately, but I presume he is making money hand over fist. Last time I saw him he was on his way to Kentucky to start a factory."

"Hum! What did he intend to manufacture?"

"Corkscrews."

New York for Brains.

Metropolitan Editor (wrathfully)—"I see that a Chicago paper is going to send its reporters to find the North Pole. Why in the world didn't you think of that first? You are discharged——"

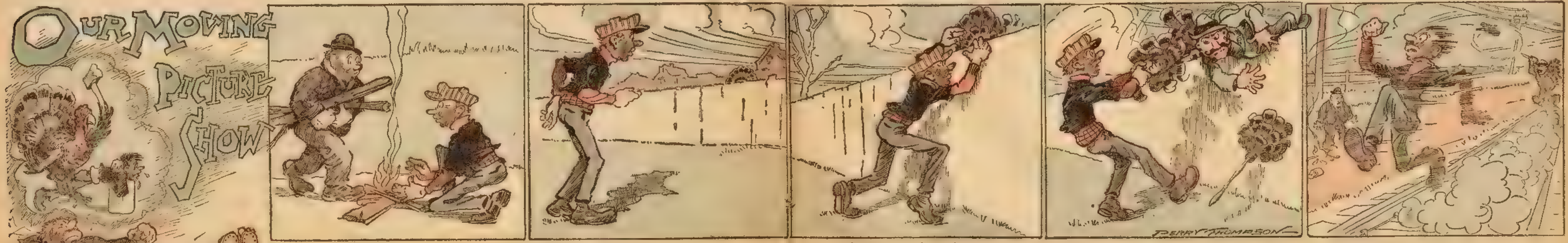
City Editor—"Don't be hasty. I'm lying low to head the relief expedition and scoop all their news after they freeze to death."

Brother Jonathan's Wasps' Nest.

First Citizen—"So you think there is no danger to be apprehended from foreign powers?"

Second Citizen—"None at all. We have let so many anarchists and dynamite cranks into the country that not even the Czar of Russia would care to own us."

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY



Opulent Oscar—"Say, Slim, I'll keep de fire goin', an' youse beat it around town an' see if youse can't get a turkey."

Slim Sam—"Gee, talk about luck! Look at dat bird! Must weigh a ton an' right in me mitt!

"Dis will be some Tingsgivin' dinner fer me an' Oscar! I'll yank this turk over so quick dat nobody'll know where he went!"

Pedro the Peddler—"Sacristi! [illegible] fina feathers' dusters he ruined!"

Oscar—"Where's de turkey, Slim?

Slim Sam—"Never youse mind erbout turkey, Italy's on de wire!"

LEIF THE BOLD

(Continued from page eleven.)

and he knew it.

"My daughters are here," Regnar added.

Alger was silent, and the Bear took his hand affectionately.

"Lad," he said kindly, "you are a bold, resourceful, fine man, but with an hour of meditation you would abandon this design. Better captivity with Leif, the Bold, than helplessness among the Indians. Promise me you will not go to the barbarians, now or later."

"My blood boils with indignation against Leif. He wrongs you in many ways. You are a Viking, a leader of sea warriors, but the day is past when to be a Viking was to be a pirate. No man among our Norse people is more law-abiding, more just, or more tender of heart than you, yet Leif has defamed you, and made you captive. Let me go to the Indians."

"They will kill you at sight."

"Perhaps."

"I am your captain."

"Yes."

"I have daughters."

Alger moved restlessly, unconvinced, yet weakening.

"When you marry my child you will hold the same place in my heart that my own sons hold. When I say that you are much to me I merely give a further reason why you should save yourself from death, for it would kill my child. Alger, remember my daughters!"

The young man moved again, and now he returned the grasp of the Viking's hand with fervor.

"My captain," he said, "I give way to your wish. Wisdom dwells with those who have lived many years. I promise that I will never seek the company of the Indians without your knowledge and direct permission. May the gods forbid that I bring my promised wife and her sister into greater peril than is now here."

It was the end of the struggle, but though Alger went to his interrupted rest with another plan abandoned, he slept no more that night. Instead, he lay awake considering means of outwitting Leif, the Bold.

Another day dawned brightly, and as it was one destined for unusual ceremonies, the attempt of the barbarians was almost forgotten.

Sigurd, the Skald, had completed his work on the rune-stone, and all were to be allowed to see it, free from its veiling of green bushes. Except for the anchor watch, every man save two guards went to the place, the Bear Viking and his crew and the women being along for security.

No official ceremony marked the occasion, but the rune-stone was uncovered and all were permitted to see the inscription. Now, this is what Sigurd, the Skald, had cut into the face of the rock in shapely letters:

Here
After Sailing from Greenland
Leif Erikson, the Bold,
Came ashore with his Crew
June 12, 1000,
And flung on high his Banner
In right of First Discovery
As Ruler of this New World.
Hail, Leif, Daring, Hardy,
Wise, Sagacious, Unrivalled!
Hail, Warrior of Sea and Land!
What he has, he holds, and here
He has set his Foot
as Master.

The lesser Norsemen read and then broke into ringing shouts of approval, but Sigurd, watching his leader, saw that his brow was clouded.

"My Earl," he asked, "what displeases you?"

"One thing, only," Leif replied. "This inscription deals too much with Erikson, and too little with his men. Praise for Erikson drips from every pore, and there is none for those who follow his flag. What is Leif without them? They are his hands, his brawn, his swords and his spears. Why left you that out of the lettering?"

"Nay, nay!" cried Thorkel, lustily. "We would not have it so. If we are your brawn, you are our brains. It is enough for us that we follow your banner. How say you, comrades?"

"We would have no change if we could, and the Skald has done our will as well as his own. Hail, Leif, the Bold!"

The Earl shook his head gloomily, but meditated only for a moment.

"The deed is done," he admitted, "and we will abide by it. Yet, Sigurd, see to it that in your Sagas you give due credit to the brave hearts that are so loyal to me."

"That shall be done," the poet promised.

Leif nodded approval, and, a moment after, chancing to glance aside, he saw that Thora had pressed forward beyond her fellow captives and was reading. He gave the matter no thought then.

The party lingered for some time, but finally made ready to leave. Sigurd ordered Elif, the thrall, to cut away a few bushes, so the stone could be seen from the camp, and then lifted the heavy sledge with which he had smoothed the face of the rock before beginning the cutting.

"Would," he said, "that I might have got at the barbarians last night with this hammer. It would deal a mighty blow."

"Ay," Leif agreed, "it would even crush the rock, if many blows were struck."

They returned to their huts, but when the bushes had been felled it became a pastime to glance upward and see the rune-stone a short arrow's-flight away.

The Earl sat down by his new hut and considered. He had sent the exploring force south, and he wondered what would come of it. If a second place could be established a day's march distant, the two could be contributory to each other; but he was considering whether it was prudent, since the Indians manifested so hostile a spirit.

He was still thinking when the sound of steps led him to raise his head. Thora was there, only a few feet distant. He noticed that her manner was half-timed, but she smiled and spoke readily.

"May I," she asked, "have a word with you?"

He noticed a fine dignity in her carriage, and, forgetting that she was a prisoner, he rose and stood facing her in courteous expectancy.

"Ay," he agreed, "speak on."

"I read the words on the rune-stone," she pursued.

"Ay," he repeated, but now with more animation.

"They are well put down, and doubtless appropriate, but there is something lacking. Were I you I would add one line, and there is just room."

"What," he asked, surprised, "would you add?"

"You believe strongly in your religion?"

"It is true."

"The stone," she continued, very modestly, "would have a fitting ending if you cut the additional words—'Defender of the True Faith.'"

A little ripple of fresh color stole to Leif's cheeks. His eyes sparkled, and he eyed her oddly. She had touched him deeply, and ideas swept through his mind rapidly. A new subject was presented, and it was one that forced a path for itself bravely.

"Then," she went on, "it would read, 'Leif Erikson, Defender of the True Faith.'"

The Earl's lips parted and his face was worth notice.

"Maiden," he replied, "it has been left for a woman to give the greatest touch of all to the inscription. Sigurd, the Skald, is a follower of Odin and Thor, and he saw not beyond the flattery he wrought into words. 'Defender of the True Faith!' I owe it to my religion, and perhaps to myself. I thank you for your ready wit, and the line shall certainly be put down with the rest."

He paused and scanned her face anew.

"Is is not odd that you, a believer in Odin and Thor, should suggest this tribute to the religion I follow?"

"Sir," she said, her gaze falling meekly, "you have told me of your new belief."

"And you think—what?"

"That, be it right or wrong, it does surely teach much that is good."

"It pleases me that I have been able to convey a part of the truth of the faith."

"You have done so, but I would ask you how men and women can live their lives if all follow the rule to do only good."

The enigma that later centuries have never made plain, was too much for a warrior of Leif's day, when foray, battle and cruelty prevailed everywhere and no deed was darker than those done in religion's name; but the Earl was glad to explain his views, and to give as much light in general as was possible.

Because of this, the two maintained their conversation for half an hour, and then, as on former occasions, Leif had the fair, grave, deeply attentive countenance before him, and often, too, as he touched upon different kindred matters, he had the changes that were soft, or admiring, or tender, and once he saw the beautiful eyes fill with tears when his narrative led to pathos. Thora was a good listener.

When she had gone, the lesson past, he mused for a moment.

"I wonder what the future of this maid will be?"

At that moment he did not remember that Alger Grayfell was to marry the Bear Viking's daughter. Being a busy man, that small item was forgotten. Perhaps, however, few things escaped Thora's mind.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PROMISE.

THAT day Jazera died, and, after a fitting delay, he was buried by his daughter's side. Great care was taken to preserve secrecy, the Norsemen making sure the Indians were not watching, and afterwards the ground was again burned over, so the barbarians would not find the grave, disinter the bodies and mutilate them.

It was the last melancholy chapter in the history of Jazera's now extinct nation.

Leif received a favorable report of his new settlement in the south, which he named Vineland. It was a fitting adjunct to Leifhome, and it received much of his thought, but not his undivided attention.

Sigurd had added the new line to the rune-stone, and the Earl had caused Thora a little flutter by directly inviting her to walk with him and read the inscription as it now stood. He preserved his inscrutable expression as they reached the spot, but under the surface was a keen interest to hear what she would say. Somehow, it had dawned upon him that when she spoke she was worth listening to, and, though this fact was not yet clear to him, he found pleasure in the melody of her voice. It was noticeable, too, that, as he paused and awaited her first word, he studied her expression with anticipation that was oddly eager for a hardy warrior.

Thora spoke, and never to better advantage. In the ten minutes that followed she gave no word of flattery, but, gently and skillfully, she pointed out that the rune-stone was now a fitting mark in the leader's life. Leif Erikson, Defender of the True Faith! It was good.

As they walked back together, presently, he was conscious of a peculiar content.

"Sigurd, the Skald, did a fine deed when he added that line," he remarked.

"But you, Earl Leif, did a far greater thing, for you set the imprint of your religion in the new world for the first time," Thora softly reminded.

He stopped short, gazing at her with his face alight.

"It is so!" he admitted. "Never before was the religion publicly referred to in this land, and the doing of it was left to me. To me, did I say? No, it was you who thought of it. Maiden, in the name of the faith, I thank you."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Genuine Merit Required to Win the People's Confidence

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfils almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention the Chicago Ledger.

Your Next Suit FREE

Made to Your Measure

$30 to $40 would not buy a better one, but you get it for nothing. Not a cent to pay. Simply wear it, tell your friends where you got it, and make

$10 to $15 a Day

taking their orders. It is dead easy. You never saw a nobbier suit or a [illegible] pattern, cut in strictly [illegible] style (6 months ahead of the times). Your choice of 60 patterns and a dozen different styles to choose from. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self-measuring, blanks, etc., etc. Don't wait. Everything free—We pay expressage. Get ahead of the other fellows—write this very minute. A postal will do it.

Hand Tailored—Classy Linings—Millionaire Trimmings—Swell Cut—Guaranteed Fit.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO.
Dept. 1106 CHICAGO

DO NOT CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS

They can be permanently reduced at home in a mild, safe and pleasant manner without interfering with your regular work. Use

Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It allays pain promptly—takes out soreness and inflammation—reduces the swelling. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? Mrs. R. M. Remler, Federal, Kansas, had a very painful swollen vein which finally broke. She writes: "The vein bled a little but I used your Absorbine, Jr., faithfully and it began to heal and look healthy. That green color and the large knots in the veins left and in a few months it was all nicely healed. It has not bothered me any since July, 1909."

Absorbine, Jr. also reduces enlarged glands, wens, cysts, soft bunches, strains. $1.00 four ounce and $2.00 twelve ounce bottle at druggists or delivered. Pamphlet "EVIDENCE" free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Users report immediate relief and speedy cures. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE

Anyone can earn a handsome ladies' or gents' watch, hunting and other styles, by selling our jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces now. When sold send us $2 and we will send you FREE a stem wind, thin model, highly engraved watch, simulated gold finished. Other styles described with goods. Also 8-stone ring and chain free for prompt remittance. Panama Jewelry Co., Box 91A, Chicago

HYPNOTISM Influence and control others. Make fun and money. YOU may learn! Illustrated Treatise and full particulars FREE. M. D. BETTS, Desk 5, Jackson, Mich.

LOTS OF MAIL If you want to get lots of mail from different firms—Send us your name and address—and we will put your name in our Directory. And we will also send you at once, 12 sample Cards, 14 fine Pictures, and a large assortment of curious and wonderful reading matter. Write today, send 10 cents, coin or stamps for postage, and you will get lots of mail—and the big lot of presents besides. Williams & Co. 328 Madison St., Chicago

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

ALL THESE FREE

This GOLD PLATED EMBOSSED LOCKET and 22-in. CHAIN—Locket opens to hold two pictures and is set with a perfect similitude DIAMOND—and these 4 GOLD PLATED RINGS to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each and return us the $1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. Order at once. Address K. A. DALE MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

RIEGER'S MONOGRAM WHISKEY
Monogram
Whiskey

PRICE LIST SENT FREE
WRITE FOR ONE

RIEGER'S PURE OLD MONOGRAM WHISKEY

Purity and age guarantee Good Whiskey. Rieger's Monogram is absolutely pure and wholesome. Guaranteed by us under the Pure Food Laws. Its exquisite, smooth, mellow flavor has made it a lasting favorite with over 250,000 satisfied customers. Why pay exhorbitant prices, when you can buy Rieger's Monogram Whiskey at the regular wholesale dealer's price, and save money by ordering your goods shipped direct.

WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES

8 Qts. Rieger's Monogram PRIVATE STOCK $5.00

4 Qts. Rieger's Monogram EXTRA FINE $3.00

FREE WITH EACH ORDER Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, Gold Tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

Send us an order and when you get the Whiskey, test it for flavor smoothness and all the essentials of GOOD WHISKEY. Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it if necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good or better than any Whiskey you ever drank, return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

J. RIEGER & CO., 1508 Genesee St., Kansas City, Mo.

"Sir," she replied meekly, I am well thanked."

He hesitated, revolved something in his mind and slowly pursued.

"You do not find the new faith disagreeable?"

"Far from it."

"Then, let me tell you more about it tomorrow. We have merely touched on the main features. I regret that I have no line-in writing, but I have studied well, and much I can tell."

"I am already deeply interested, and will gladly hear more, sir," the girl said becomingly

They parted at the first of the huts and Thora went to her own shelter, but Leif stood musing. Perhaps he could yet save the soul of this heathen maiden. He would try, and try masterfully, albeit gently. It would be a great deed——

Leif was so accustomed to do weighty deeds that, naturally, nothing then called to his mind the fact that, once upon a time, there had been a Greek who was a doer of great acts, a Greek whose name was Achilles. Naturally, there was no reason why Leif should think of Achilles

The lessons, however, now became more frequent, and longer. With the Earl it was no longer a mere matter of answering a [illegible], and it was more than speaking a word for his religion. The personal element had been added, and intimately. His interest was not limited to trying to save the soul of a heathen maiden of good address, but to do good to one who had thought of that last line now on the rune-stone.

That was why Leif was so keenly interested, so he mentally said to himself.

Days passed until three weeks had elapsed since he escorted her alone to the rock. Many things had made demands upon his hands and mind, and there had been no thought of regular hours of teaching, but it was a rare matter for a day to pass without, at the least, a brief talk between them on the subject, and usually they gave an hour or more to Biblical studies.

Leif was now more interested, more intent, and often he grew eager. It was no formal instruction, now, for he labored to win a darkened soul. He labored well. Always kind, patient and willing, he often ceased to be somber and dealt not a little in pathos, when the subject demanded. Somehow, and much to his confusion, when alone he often found himself almost living over again the lives of the Biblical persons of whom he told. Thinking much of them was almost like being wrapped in their mantles.

Growing eloquent, he wondered why, but finally knew. A good listener made a capable teacher, and always he had Thora's beautiful, dainty, sweet face before him, and her great lustrous eyes. Twin panoramas they were to the Norseman, but always engaging. Yes, she listened well, and as if to a man wise in worldly affairs as well as the oracle of true religion. Face and eyes said this, but tongue—never!

No flattery dripped its wretched alloy to spoil the picture.

Leif felt that he was winning a brave fight, and that this child of the Viking would yet embrace Christianity. Of this he was the more convinced because, now and then, she became more than a pupil and, very modestly and diffidently, though never cringingly, she presented views slightly at variance with his, leading to a discussion in which both were mild and each thoughtful of the other.

This new branching out pleased the Earl, for he liked brains in women as well as in men.

It was a departure from their former practice when, three weeks after the unveiling of the rune-tsone, they met in early evening and, sitting together on a log under a great tree that had been left by the ax-men, they supplemented the accidental encounter by resuming the all-absorbing subject.

The evening was clear and, for the season, cool, with a breeze stealing in from the sea like the laugh of a girl, now faint, now strong and merry; while the moon silvered the water and treetops marked dark shadows amid the white breaks in the land.

A good view was theirs, with the ships riding at their anchors, and the sand-spit beyond, and farther yet the little headlands of the outer bay, and then the ocean. Some nights seem made by fairies.

Leif talked with Regnar's maid, and, presently, a chance remark of hers led him to speak of the especially good persons of the Bible, one after another, but briefly, and scarcely more than to go over the list.

He mentioned the matchless Samuel, he spoke of David after his overtardy repentance, and of many others. Presently, hesitating for another instance, he remembered the story of Ruth and Boaz, and told it with animation.

Thora, listening, could not exactly see wherein religion had part in the story, but it appealed to her strongly, and Leif, looking, saw that her lips were parted, her eyes soft, and that a gentle smile was on her face.

Few stories admit of more agreeable discussion than that of Ruth and Boaz, and that night, under the linden tree, it was not hastily dismissed. But Leif forgot to draw a moral lesson, and only the story was considered.

When it was done, silence fell between them. They sat looking outward to where the sea curled lazily under the moon, lifting wavelets that, to an imaginative person, might have seemed like fingers beckoning to the mermaids below.

"It is far to the Norse country."

The words sounded in Leif's voice, and so unexpectedly that Thora started.

"Ay, sir," she agreed, recovering her mental poise.

"Negnar is in haste to be gone."

"Has he lately spoken of it to you?" she asked.

"No, but it is impossible that his disquiet has grown less when he can see no more here than a small gash in nature's heart, and know that home is far across the sea."

"True, sir."

"Do you, too, long for home?" the Earl asked, his voice low.

Thora sighed.

"To me, sir, there is no other land like our Norse home," she replied.

"And you, too, would go away from here?"

"When the Earl of Leifhome wills it," she said, looking downward.

"If," he pursued, slowly, "I send the Bear Viking's ship home, and you with it, our talks on religion will end, and I shall never see you again."

"My home," she explained, hesitatingly and doubtfully, "is near Hardanger fjord."

"Ah!" mused Leif, the Bold, stealing a look at her. "It has been in my mind that perhaps I shall go to the Norse country, myself, a little later, to consult with others as to my settlements here. I begin to realize that, with hostile Indians hovering about, numbers so few as ours cannot extend our borders, and that we must have more men or abandon what we have wrested from nature. If I go on such a voyage it will probably be a month later."

"Then," she suggested quickly, "why not delay sending the Strong Cub, and have both vessels sail together, a month hence?"

"But Regnar is impatient to be gone."

"I could talk with him, sir."

"Suppose that I went to Vineland, and spent the month there, and finally sailed from there? True, the two ships would not see each other on the way over, but would that matter?"

"I think, sir, it would be better for both to go together," she said, almost in a whisper, her foot beating the ground hurriedly.

He rested his hand gently upon her arm, gazing closely into her face.

"Thora," he said gently, "you, and you alone, shall say when your father's ship shall sail, but there is more for you to decide. Will you go with me in my own ship, and be my wife when we reach the Norse land?"

(Continued next week.)

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—*clearing the skin.* If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "*Wouldst Thou Be Fair?*" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.

Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 11, Aurora, Ill.

YOU can EARN an AUTO

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET A NEW FORD TOURING CAR FOR A FEW WEEKS' WORK.

By my new, easy plan, anyone over 16 years old can get a brand-new Ford Touring Car for a little easy, respectable work among neighbors. Free Book tells all about it. Postal brings it. Send, AUTO TOM, 606 S. 16th St., OMAHA, NEB.

FREE [illegible]—how to master the AUTO TRADE—spare time—at home. Let us start you as a CHAUFFEUR OR MECHANICIAN—we've started hundreds. SEND NOW for PROOFS & FREE BOOK.

A NEW IDEA OF TEACHING BY MAIL WITH DYKE'S WORKING MODELS CHARTS, MANIKINS, ETC.

DYKE'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Box 3 Roe Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

21 RUBY JEWEL $25 GOLD WATCH $3.50

Here is the watch you have always wanted, sent to you at our risk, without your sending any money—not even a deposit. Write if you prefer open face or hunting case, ladies' or gents' size, and we will send this twenty-five year, fully guaranteed, thin model, American made, beautifully engraved watch for free examination and test. If you are satisfied with it and are sure it equals a $25.00 gold watch, pay us only $3.50 and the watch is yours. Write now.

Drexel Jewelry Co., Dept. 53 CHICAGO

LAW
FREE
Complete Course in Public Speaking

B-I-G MONEY in LAW For YOU

Thousands of men and women in small positions with small wages and no future prospect could be prosperous, independent and influential if they had the right opportunity. If you are among these, now is your opportunity to enter a dignified profession. We'll make it easy—we'll [illegible]

SPECIAL! We will send the remarkable LaSalle Extension University Home Study Law Course absolutely free on approval to any one who writes.

Now Sent FREE

Do not send one cent—we send the LaSalle magnificent 14 volume Law Library—the most complete Library of its kind in existence—and the first individual lessons of the LaSalle simplified, comprehensive Law Course, without cost or risk to you. We want to prove that the LaSalle course is the most thorough, most practical, simplified and easiest to quickly master. No other school even dares to make such an offer—they don't dare send their course in open competition with ours.

Be a LAWYER

Look around you—see who are the most prosperous, most powerful, most independent men. They are Lawyers, or business men with legal training! Law offers unusual possibilities for success and prosperity. A lawyer can earn $5,000 to $10,000 yearly. Law is a profession that can fit you for success in almost any line. Many of our greatest capitalists, statesmen and business men are Lawyers. Many of them are home-trained. The demand for Lawyers is increasing—big firms need competent Lawyers for their regular staff. Don't think you can't learn! The LaSalle Extension University is founded for the purpose of helping people like yourself out of a limited line of work into a profession that offers big income and independence. We have a simplified extension method.

We Train You By MAIL

It is no longer necessary to give up your position and go away to college or to pay big tuition fees. The LaSalle can train you to become a Lawyer at home, in spare time, by mail. The LaSalle law text is written by legal authorities and professors in big resident Universities such as Harvard, Northwestern, Leland Stanford, Univ. of California, Univ. of Mich., Univ. of Wis., Tulane, etc. Recognized as foremost Home Study Law Course by greatest authorities—follows methods used in resident Universities. Studying Law by the LaSalle method is like having professors in your home to teach you. We are largest Home Study University Extension Law School in America. We enroll more students than any other.

EXTRA SPECIAL

FREE—Complete Course in Public Speaking

Written by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Public Speaking at College of the City of New York, Editor Public Speaking Review, now Special Lecturer on Public Speaking at various Universities and Public Lecturer for the N. Y. Board of Education.

This is another astonishing LaSalle scoop—another big LaSalle offer unequalled by any other Law School. This beneficial course in Public Speaking is not a mere pamphlet, but a complete, authoritative, wonderful course covering fully every essential—a course that will fit you to become an efficient public speaker.

If you're ambitious, you want to be able to speak fluently and powerfully in public. It's a wonderful accomplishment—it gives you a wonderful influence, pride, satisfaction—it's a force that upbuilds your mental power—it has made men and women famous and wealthy. We now put this great achievement within your reach. You can quickly understand and master our remarkable, thorough, simplified course in Public Speaking. Don't confuse this with any other similar course—no other is just like it—you should have our course to thoroughly master the great art of Public Speaking.

Write quick and learn how at this time we give this great, complete course and training absolutely free of all cost, in connection with our Law Course. This, the greatest offer of its kind ever made, is a Special Introductory Offer and is subject to withdrawal without notice, so write now for free details.

Become an LL. B. The State of Illinois authorizes us to confer on our graduates the Degree of Bachelor of Laws [LL. B.] Our course prepares you to pass all subjects covered in bar examinations. We guarantee to coach until successful any LaSalle graduate failing to pass bar examinations.

LaSalle Extension University,
Dept. F336 Chicago, Ill.

Send at once, free, facts about your Special FREE Approval Law Course offer—also about EXTRA SPECIAL FREE Offer of remarkable Course in Public Speaking, with free copies of "EVIDENCE" and Valuable Law Guide.

Name……………………………………

Address……………………………………

City…………………………State…………………

Course for Business Men

Every business man should have our Course in Law. Many of our students are business men who recognize the necessity of legal knowledge and the superiority of our simplified method of home training. Write us for our Special Business Men's Course.

ACT NOW! If you are in a small job, you can never get ahead. Small jobs offer no possibilities. You should enter a line that offers BIG opportunities for success. Don't waste any more time worrying—you must ACT QUICK! Mail the coupon quick for PROOF. Send no money—everything FREE. Write NOW.

LaSalle Extension University
Dept. F336 Chicago, Ill.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

SALESMEN WANTED

WHO ARE YOU? PROVE IT AT BANKS, etc., by photo-identification credential (in fine leather pocketbook) furnished with $2,000 accident insurance policy; pays benefits for injuries or sickness, total cost $5 per year; double benefits $10. Agents wanted. Highest commissions. Address Underwriters, 1346 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

SALESMEN CLEAR $14.00 ON EACH ORder for our punchboard deals. Address Behrend Bros., 4347 Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—TURN YOUR EFFORTS INTO cash while building up a business of your own. Men and women wanted everywhere to take orders. Never before has any agent had an opportunity like this to coin money. Brand new article. Winter—the best season. No experience necessary with our out-of-the-ordinary plan to make sales easy. We deliver. You carry no stock. We collect. Everything to help our salesmen. Over 100% commission. $50 to $100 weekly for you. Exclusive territory. Now is your chance—grab it. Write at once for more information. Swiss-American Co., Desk A, Times Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD ON FARM, IN SMALL town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns common coal oil (kerosene); gives a light five times as bright as electric One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks, hundreds with rigs earning $100.00 to $300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital to reliable men. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 850 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED—LATEST NOVELTY IN metal interchangeable sign letters and numbers—absolutely weatherproof. Prices so low and use so universal that every farmer and storekeeper wants one. You can make deliveries and collections on spot. Ordinary satchel holds sufficient to insure profits of over $20.00 per day. Nothing like it on the market. A snap for agents. Write today for particulars. Electric Wheel Company, Box 97, Quincy, Illinois.

$60 WEEKLY TO DELIVER "KEROSAFE" lamp. Burns common coal oil (kerosene). 300 candle power. Low priced. Portable light. Costs 1-3 cent per hour to operate. Every home needs one. Big profits for agents. No experience needed. No capital required. Credit given. Hinkson sold 24 first week; West, 3 first night. Write today for free terms of sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1111 West St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS SELL RICH LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Box 1, Stonington, Maine

400 PER CENT PROFIT. EVERGRIP gliders. No rollers. Pocket samples free. Any one can attach. Cost 3c sell 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors and carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 20 J, Warren St., New York, N Y

BILLY SUNDAY'S MESSAGE. GREAT OPportunity for man or woman. We will pay you $120.00 to distribute it in your neighborhood 60 days' work. Spare time may be used. Universal Bible House, 501 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia.

AGENTS—HERE'S A WHIRLWIND SELLer Every family needs it. No limit to money you can make. No competition. Sample free Address Dept. L., W. E. Co., Delta, Colorado

AGENTS—GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE. Eleven-piece toilet article set and $1.00 carving set. All cost you 50c; sells for $1.00—twenty sales a day easy. Write today. Pierce Chemical Company, Station C, Chicago.

AGENTS AND VACUUM CLEANER MEN—Get this—a new machine—sells quick at low price—commissions big. Write now. Standard Vacuum Cleaner Co. (not inc.), 1128 B, Newport Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS—MAKE $10.00 A DAY SELLING rugs at $1 00 each, cost agents 55 cents. Size 36x68 inches, sell from one to six at each house. Sample rug by parcel post 98 cents. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Texas.

AGENTS WANTED—WRITE FOR CATALOG A and make $25 to $75 handling our photo enlargements. We extend credit and furnish samples free. Lyman Brothers, Indianapolis, Ind

AGENTS—SELL THREE 50C SILK TANGO ties for $1; beautiful monogram cuff links and stick pin free to each purchaser. Bowden cleared $71—5 days. Write for samples. Comer Mfg Co, 14 Market St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS — SOMETHING NEW — FASTEST sellers and quickest repeaters on earth. Permanent, profitable business. Good for $50 to $75 a week. Address American Products Co., 512 Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WILL PAY RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN $12.50 to distribute 100 free pkgs. perfumed borax soap powder among friends. No money required. B. W. Ward and Company, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

AGENTS—500 PER CENT PROFIT; GOLD and silver sign letters for store and office windows. Any one can put on. Write today for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS! ! $25 TO $50 WEEKLY; BEST selling book published. One agent sold 36 first day; another sold 135 first five days. For terms and free outfit address Charles Crane Co., 1654 College, Racine, Wis.

THE GREATEST 50C ARTICLE ON EARTH. Sells anywhere and everywhere. Send 20c for sample and particulars. Ideal Specialty Co., Duluth, Minn.

FIRST DOZEN FREE TO AGENTS, MEN. women, demonstrate 25c household article. Quick seller, exclusive territory, constant repeater. B. L. King, Coudersport, Pa.

AGENTS—PAIR SILK HOSE FREE. STATE size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. F, 112 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—YOU CAN SELL MADE-TO-ORder Raincoats. You need no money. Free Outfit. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 175, Templeton, Mass.

Ledger's WANT ADS

Hundreds of Advertisers are now profiting at the wide experience of others, who have succeeded only after enduring heavy expenditures. Each week the CHICAGO LEDGER forfeits this space to enable Advertisers to learn of the results obtained by those using WANT ADS in BOYCE'S WEEKLIES.

"We have found your BLADE and LEDGER one of the most satisfactory advertising mediums in the country for the securing of agents to handle our line. As ours is somewhat of a seasonal business we advertise in your paper eight months of the year. We intend to continue the same advertising for the coming year.

Cohoes, N. Y. (Signed) STEADFAST MILLS."

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued).

WANTED—AGENTS FOR A STANDARD profitable specialty. Makes fine Christmas gifts Curtis Specialty Co., 806-7 Kesner Building Chicago.

$15.00 MADE FIRST DAY BY 13 YEAR OLD boy with Shomescope. Woman made $8.00 first hour. Particulars free. Shomescope Mfg. Co., 520 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kan.

HELP WANTED

$65.00 TO $150 MONTH PAID MEN AND women. Government life jobs. Common education sufficient. 2,000 appointments every month. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 30, Rochester, N. Y

MEN OF IDEAS AND INVENTIVE ABILITY should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 11, Washington, D C

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WANTED to sell beautiful peace stamps and wargrams Everybody wants them and should use them. Send 10c for sample outfit. Pen-Sketch Company, Transportation Bldg., Chicago.

IF YOU WRITE, READ INTELLIGENTLY, you can earn $2,000 yearly corresponding for newspapers; thirty years' experience. Free booklet tells how. B. Sisher, Pres., Paterson, N. J.

I HAVE A CONTRACT TO DISTRIBUTE A million free packages borax soap powder. Want reliable men and women to help. $15.00 weekly. A. Waverly Brown, 730 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

DETECTIVE—INTERESTING WORK, GOOD pay; we teach how; ten lessons, $2. Write Walter J. Burns Correspondence School, Inc., Detective Training School, Desk 29, Burns Bldg, Detroit, Mich.

WE PAY 25C EACH FOR FARMERS' names. Send dime for contract. Sun, Leroy, Mich

6 MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO A MONEY making magazine 25c. Press, Hamilton, Ohio.

SILVERING MIRRORS, PLATING TABLEware, auto-brass home. Booklet-plans free. Clarence Sprinkle E-Grant, Marion, Ind.

MALE HELP WANTED

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS OF about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

$10 PER 100 UPWARD PAID TACKING signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid secure territory. Shepard's Distributing Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS—Earn $25 to $100 weekly. We can positively show you by mail how to increase your salary. Prospectus free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 77, Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST office, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

I MADE $50,000 IN FIVE YEARS WITH A small mail order business; began with $5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, Box 757, Lockport, N. Y.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, CLERK-CARriers and rural carriers wanted. I conducted examinations—can help you. Trial examination free. Ozment (k), St. Louis

$80 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES TO TRAVel, distribute samples and take orders, or appoint agents; permanent. Jap American Co., Chicago

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN; $100 MONTHly; experience unnecessary; hundreds needed by the best railroads everywhere; particulars free. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill

AN INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY EARN $100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, 917, Lockport, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE—EARN $25 TO $75 weekly; chance to see the world with all expenses paid. Loraine System, Dept. 812, Boston, Mass

RESORTS

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEkeeping at Cortez, Florida's great fishing resort. Terms reasonable. Address Mrs. J. C. Flowers, Cortez, Fla.

STAMPS AND COINS WANTED

WE PAY $1.00 TO $1,000.00 FOR NUMERous rare coins to 1909. Many of great value in circulation. Get posted. It may mean much profit to you. Send only 4c for our new large illustrated coin circular. Send now. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Ft. Worth, Texas.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES EARN SPENDING MONEY FOR Christmas. Every housekeeper wants Blumer's Egg Saver. 25c pkg. represents 48 eggs. A pure food product. Sells like wild fire. Mrs. Fiske made $8.25, Mrs. Riter $6.75 in one day. So can you. Free sample for the asking. B. Blumer, Lincoln Ave. and Roscoe, Chicago.

EASY WORK—ALL OR SPARE TIME. ADdressing, mailing, distributing, etc., for mail order house. Established 17 years. $5 00 to $20.00 weekly opportunity; no canvassing For sample catalogue, particulars, postage, etc., send 10c. Globe, 301 Como Bldg., Chicago

BE A BEAUTY SPECIALIST. MANUFACture beauty preparations. Beautify yourself. Noted treatments. Noted formulas. Complete course in beauty culture $5.00. Particulars free. Imperial Supply, Box 249, Chicago.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY MAKE COMFORTable living home sewing plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers reply. Send 10c for samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing, B. L., Rehoboth, Delaware.

LADIES: MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME. $10 per 100. No canvassing required. Send stamped-addressed envelope for full particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich

LADY AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to market our new brand of tea; big pay, easy work. California Sales Co., Watsonville, California.

DO EASY, PLEASANT COLORING WORK at home; good pay, no canvassing; no experience required. Illus. particulars free. Helping Hand Stores, Dept. 804, Chicago.

WANTED—APRON MAKERS. SEND DIME (returned if dissatisfied) and stamped, addressed envelope, Kenwood, 442 B, E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

HOME INSTRUCTION

WRITING LESSONS FOR HOME PRACtice. Over 250 copy lines, postpaid, 50 cents. Circulars free. Patrick Commercial School, Desk 2, York, Pa.

HONEY.

BEST QUALITY NEW CLOVER HONEY, 30 pound can $3.45, two or more cans $3.30 each. Sample 10cts. Price List Free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—MY SPECIAL OFfer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to any one who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how any one, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. "Investing for Profit" is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

$7.50 MAY MAKE YOU $750.00. LOTS IN Triangle Oil Subdivision only $1 cash, $1 monthly before co-operative well is drilled. Near the Big Gusher Oil fields where millions have been made. You share in profits. Wonderful opportunity for small investor. Write today for Free maps and literature. Triangle Oil Co., 407 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas

BUY A LOT IN OUR OIL DEVELOPMENT operations; share in the profits. Lots $30.00 each; pay $5.00 per month. Warranty deed with each lot. Write today; send first payment to Eureka Oil, San Diego State Bank, San Diego, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell, or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED—NAMES AND ADDRESSES. ALL kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory, 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS. WE WANT BALLADS, instrumental numbers, patriotic, novelty and love songs for immediate publication. Submit words only or with music complete, or write for our valuable free booklet setting forth the fairest, most liberal proposition offered. Established 1897. Many successes. Have paid writers thousands in royalties; protection guaranteed. John T. Hall, Pres., 3 Columbus Circle, New York City

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS; $50.00 each; all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHOTO FINISHING

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS KODAK ENlargements 8x10 mounted 25c. Send only the negative. Also try our 50c kodak finishing offer for 10c. Send 10c (stamps) and roll of film, any size, 6 or 12 exposure; will develop film and also make 6 pictures from best negatives. Beautiful work. Prompt service. Roanoke Cycle Company, Drawer S, Roanoke, Va.

MUSICAL

PLAY PIANO INSTANTLY—FIRST TRIAL. World's greatest invention. Musician Self-Maker, 2803 Lake, Chicago.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK OF some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

THIS DEPARTMENT WANTS TO SERVE Blade readers. Your ad here will reach more than 6,000,000 people. Cost is $4.20 for 14 words and 30c for each additional word, cash with order, including Chicago Ledger.

"WONDERFUL! MYSTIFYING! AMUSing!" Dancing skeleton with "World's smallest Bible" 15 cents. Belspeco, 852 Belmont, Chicago, Ill.

DANDY GENTLEMEN'S ARTICLE. SEALED samples 10c. Sullivan Co., 24 Rose St., Battle Creek, Mich.

HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS book sent for 25c; satisfaction. G. W. Sherwood, Box 431, Du Bois, Pa.

PERSONAL

REFINED, HANDSOME, HONORABLE, attractive rancher's wealthy young widow, sweet disposition, owning stock ranch of over 1,000 acres wishes to marry good man capable of successfully managing her property. Any worthy man can have full particulars if interested enough to answer quick, giving full name and address and enclosing some postage. (General deliveries not answered). Strictly confidential. Address "Sincere," B 420, Farmingdale, So. Dak.

THOSE SUFFERING FROM WEAKNESS and lack of vigor should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass (Z)

A COMPLETE COURSE IN HYPNOTISM with instructions on how to achieve such wonderful results by this Science as Healing of Diseases, Curing of Drinking, using Tobacco, and other bad habits. Sold by others for $25.00. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents, silver. Society of Science and Education, Valparaiso, Ind.

THIN FOLKS WANTED TO SEND FOR free $1.00 trial supply of Waymor, the remarkable flesh-builder. Take the tablets—and if benefited send $1.00—otherwise you owe us nothing. We take your word. Send no money. Waymor Co., Dept. 35, Washington, D. C.

MARRY FOR WEALTH AND HAPPINESS. Hundreds rich, attractive, congenial and willing to wed. Interesting literature, testimonials, descriptions and photos Free! (Reliable—21st year). The Messenger, Jacksonville, Fla.

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS. Will marry. All ages. Directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. New plan. Dept. 27, 1228 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FORTUNE TOLD — EVERY PERSON should learn their future—for interesting, instructive, valuable reading—send dime, stamped envelope and birth date—L. LeNor, 2821 Charlotte, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—PHOTOS, DESCRIPTIONS AND P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

ACNE ERUPTIONS; RED NOSE; WORST cases permanently cured — disfigurement completely removed. Booklet free. Doctor Rodgers, 36 West Randolph St., Chicago.

FREE—ARE YOU NERVOUS, WEAK, LACKing vigor? Then send for free proving package Her-cu-lin, powerful nerve invigorator. Oswald Co., 318 M, West 42nd St., New York.

FORTUNE TOLD—SEND DIME, BIRTHdate, stamped addressed envelope, three questions. Trial reading. Betta Lane, Bevier, Mo.

LADIES—WE GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY female trouble. Correspondence confidential, particulars free. Woman's Medical Institute, Box 42, Akron, Ohio.

HAVE FRIENDS AND SWEETHEARTS EVerywhere. Receive postcards from every place. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

MARRY—THOUSANDS WEALTHY, ANXious for early marriage; description free. Confidential. 268 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

STOP TOBACCO WITHOUT HARMFUL drugging. Quickly — Secretly — Pleasantly. Interesting booklet free. Ben Bradford, Asheville, N. C.

MARRY—CATALOGUE WITH PHOTOS AND descriptions free. Pay if suited. Select Club, Dept. 674, Tekonsha, Mich.

LOVE-O SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETheart without delay. Powder and its "SECRET" 25c. Britt's, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

"LOVERS' PERFUME," MAGNETIC, POWerful. Sealed bottle free. Send stamp. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlished for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FUTURE TOLD; ALSO PAST; SEND DIME, birth date. A. B. Fay, 5730 Madison St., Chicago.

STUNNING PHOTOS OF GIRLS. REAL "beauties." Very clear. Set, 25c. Renzi, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

MARRY RICH—HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free (sealed). The Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Mailed Free. The Correspondent (i), Toledo, Ohio.

LOVINE NEVER FAILS. EVERY PACKAGE guaranteed. Either sex. 10c. Two packages sealed, 20c. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

The Electric Flame.

(Continued from page six.)

the British consul's wife, obtained a place for me as maid in the family. And my duty is with my mistress, in her trouble."

"In that case, Miss Carew, I constitute myself your friend for the time being. You say I have some responsibility in the matter which I cannot dodge. I propose to see that you do not remain in that accursed household."

"Mr. Crane," she said coldly. "You forget yourself. I am in no way responsible to you for my actions."

"Mary Carew," he said solemnly, "look at me." She gazed at him with fearless eyes.

"Mary Carew," he demanded. "Do you know when a man is loyal and sincere, and deeply respectful? Do you know when he is to be trusted, and not met with cold disdain?"

His eyes held hers determinedly, until at last her gaze fell. With a little sigh, and a faint smile, she held out her hand.

"Pardon me, Mr. Crane," she said simply. "I do trust you. But what can possibly happen to me? I am too obscure a person to be murdered. And I must do my duty. I am staying away from her too long."

"Just one minute more, Miss Carew. You said the report of my death was published in the newspapers? What made you think that?"

"Mrs. Branders has a clipping, supposed to be from the paper at Bombay. It says, briefly, that you were found dead in your room at the English Hotel, with a knife in your heart. Your valet was held for investigation and then dismissed. The police decided it was suicide, since your door was locked, and nothing in your room was disturbed."

"That is either some trick of his, for her punishment, or else some trick of the would-be assassin's, in order to collect pay for his crime. In the latter event Branders still thinks I am dead. But you may be sure the thing has been 'faked' for one reason or the other. It was never really published. I am not a famous person, but I happen to have some unearned money, and if my death had occurred under the circumstances narrated, the event would have been known to thousands of persons within a day. Branders, who sailed from Madras right after the supposed murder, may have been deceived himself by the clipping."

"She must not be permitted to think you are dead for another day," said Mary. "The danger that she may do something desperate is too great. Yet heaven only knows what she will do when she learns that she has been tricked!"

"I tell you there is danger for you in that house, Miss Carew. You must arrange to turn over the responsibility of this madwoman to somebody else. You say that Branders is calling a physician. I advise you to tell him the whole story, save that part which relates to my attempted assassination. Simply show him the clipping and inform him that I am alive. Show him how necessary it is that he take steps at once to protect Branders from his wife, and to protect the poor lady herself."

"Very well, Mr. Crane, I will do that. And now, good-by."

"Mary Carew," said Crane seriously. "You will do your duty, of course. You are that kind of a girl. I would not have you otherwise, heaven knows. But there are things you do not understand, extraordinary things which I do not understand myself. Our strange meeting today is one of them. We are not to be mere chance acquaintances. I am sure of that."

He paused as he noted the faint smile on her face.

"What are you thinking?" he asked gently.

"I am thinking of the friendship that might be formed between a rich gentleman like yourself and Lillian Branders' maid."

"Mary Carew, you asked me to be honest with you awhile ago. Now I ask you to be honest with me. Don't you know, and don't you know that I know, whatever your present position may be, that you are just as truly a lady as Lillian Branders, or any other rich woman in this big city? Don't you know that you are not beneath me, but above me?"

"To tell the truth, Mr. Crane, I am a Carew, and my grandfather is a viscount," she laughed. "I really can't pretend to be very humble at heart, even if I am a lady's maid. But I must go. Good-by, Mr. Crane."

She held out her hand.

"I must say one thing more ,and then I will let you go, really. Do you trust me, Mary Carew?"

"Yes."

"Then," he said, still holding her hand, "will you promise me something?"

"If it is something I may promise."

"I have a certain feeling that you may be in danger. I want you to call upon me as you would call upon your brother in any emergency that may arise. If anything happens that you leave your present address suddenly, you will let me know? Will you do that, Mary Carew?"

"I promise," she said gravely.

"Thank you," he said, and he let her hand fall. "Here is my card. I am penciling my address and telephone number. I shall expect to hear from you if you have need of me. And I shall expect to see you here tomorrow afternoon at the same hour. And now, good-by, and may God keep you."

Crane watched her until she disappeared within the house. But he did not know that Branders, too, had been watching.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this most interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

NURSES IN THE WAR

What the Women Are Doing.

The women of the Warring Nations are nursing, cheering and comforting the wounded or dying. The women of Europe not only wrap bandages and scrape lint, but they tend the farms, dig coal, carry burdens and do the work of the men now under arms. Every male fighter, however brawny and heroic, was born of woman; the high courage and hardihood that are a nation's strength are inherited from the mother.

Young mothers who preserve the charms of face and figure in spite of an increasing family and the care of growing children are always to be envied. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives the strength and health upon which happy motherhood depends. It practically does away with the pains of maternity. It enables the mother to nourish the infant life depending on her, and enjoy the hourly happiness of watching the development of a perfectly healthy child.

Thousands of women who are now blessed with robust health cannot understand why thousands of other women continue to worry and suffer from ailments peculiar to women when they can obtain for a trifling sum Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which will surely and quickly banish all pain, distress and misery and restore the womanly functions to perfect health.

IMPORTANT SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THIS PAPER

Any person desiring a copy of The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser before the edition is exhausted should send this notice together with 20 cents in stamps to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and a copy will be sent by return mail, all charges prepaid.

* * *

Her Rampage.

A meek little woman lives near Atchison, Kansas. She does her duty by her family 364 days out of the year, but on the other day she goes on the rampage. Instead of getting up at 5:30 in the morning, hurrying into her clothes, getting breakfast, doing the dishes, cleaning up the house, feeding the chickens, skimming the cream, putting away the milk, getting dinner, doing the dishes, sewing, getting supper, doing the dishes, putting the milk, sewing and going to bed, she goes on strike, and begins by staying in bed until someone in the family gets breakfast on the table. Then, dressed and ready to go downtown, she appears and says, evidently to her men folks, "I would like a horse and buggy today."

The men folks do not say a word; they know "mamma" is going on the rampage. They hitch up the family driving horse to the shiniest buggy on the place, and "mamma" walks out of the house, in a dignified way climbs into the buggy, and, sitting as straight as an arrow, says, "Get-up, Prince!" to the horse and drives off. That's the last the family sees of her until after dark, when she comes driving back, steps down from the buggy and goes into the house and visits with the family until bedtime.

* * *

Went to Buffalo.

When a fellow is traveling a long distance, all by himself, he gets lonesome and has a hankering to talk to anybody who looks the least bit companionable. You know how it is.

Well, other people feel that way, too. So why do you get mad when some total stranger bores you? Wouldn't you like to bore some total stranger? Well, then!

In the smoking-room of an eastbound Pullman the other evening there were two men—one of them grouchy, the other receptive. After smoking two indifferent cigars, the latter said to the former:

"How far are you going?"

"Buffalo," acknowledged the other one, taken off his guard.

"Is that so? Well, Buffalo is a great town. I have a cousin living there and I've been there myself several times. The last time was during the Pan-American exposition, twelve years ago and over. Er—what are you going to do in Buffalo?"

"Change cars."

Underglaze Dinner Set Free

THIS magnificent dinner set is made up in 31 and 42 pieces, decorated in beautiful blue floral design with solid gold tracings, all decorations underglazed. We ship the dishes express paid by us. Given for distributing only 16 sets of our new art pictures at 25 cents a set on our new and easy plan. Many have done it in an hour.

Two Pair Lace Curtains Extra

WE also offer two pair of handsome full size lace curtains extra and in addition to the dinner set. You don't have to distribute any more pictures for this extra curtain prize. Send for the 16 sets of pictures today. We run all the risk. No harm trying. Est. 26 years. W. S. Murphy, Mgr., 141 W. Ohio St., Dept. T11, Chicago.

$3000 FOR YOU

That's the money you should get this year. I mean it. I want County Sales Managers quick, men or women who believe in the square deal, who will go into partnership with me. No experience needed. My folding Bath Tub has taken the country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water works required. Full length bath in any room. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals $100 bath room. Now listen! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan. I'm positive—absolutely certain—you can get bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before. I KNOW IT!

Two Sales a Day— $300.00 a Month

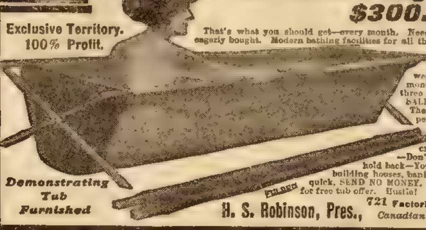
Exclusive Territory. 100% Profit.

That's what you should get—every month. Needed in every home, badly wanted, eagerly bought. Modern bathing facilities for all the people. Take the orders right and left. Quick sales immense profits. Look at these men—Smith, Ohio, got 18 orders first week; Meyers, Wis., $250 profit first month; Newton, California, $60 in three days. You should do as well. 2 SALES A DAY MEANS $300 A MONTH. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent, fascinating. It means a business of your own.

Little capital needed. I grant credit—Help you out—Back you up—Don't doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building houses, bank accounts, so can you. Act then quick. SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny post card for free tub offer. Hustle!

Demonstrating Tub Furnished

H. S. Robinson, Pres., 721 Factories Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO
Canadian Branch — Walkerville, Ont.



PERFECTO
P. H.
HABANA

To introduce our Special Perfecto Cigar we give free with your first order of 50 Cigars this elegant American Watch & Cowboy Fob, a lever escapement, stem wind and stem set open face, nickel silver plated or gold finished case, Gent's size watch. A perfect time keeper, fully guaranteed for 5 years. We make this offer to those accustomed to smoking 10c and two for 25c cigars, for the reason we want you to know what a delightful smoke this is. Watch and 50 cigars sent in same package to your postoffice. C O D. parcel post $2.72, pay postman when you receive them. This special offer for short time only. PUBLIC CIGAR CO., A 16, 189 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE—Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Cork Screw with each order.
PURITY GUARANTEED
Trade Mark
Mellow Springs Whiskey Private Stock
Maycliffe Distributing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK

FREE
THIS DECANTER FILLED WITH WINES AND CORDIALS

The famous old *Mellow Springs Whiskey*—private stock—the brand that once you try you will always buy. We want you to try it and we will take the risk. Send us any order in the list below—use a full quart bottle; try it yourself, treat your friends; test it every way; you are the judge; and if you are not more than satisfied it's the biggest whiskey bargain ever made, just return unused portion and we will refund all your money. These prices talk.

4 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey $2.25
8 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey $4.25
12 Full Quart Bottles Mellow Springs Whiskey $6.25

Our Great FREE Offer

With each four quarts of *Mellow Springs Whiskey* we send you *absolutely free* a handsome scroll crystal glass decanter, with scroll glass stopper, filled with your choice of delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. In ordering state contents desired. This decanter is full size, free from advertising matter, a useful ornament to any sideboard. You can't beat the genuine old *Mellow Springs*, the same straight, pure, aged-in-bond whiskey physicians have always recommended for medicinal and home use. Not a better whiskey to be had at any cost. You pay double the price for inferior whiskey; but by selling direct to you and cutting out salesmen's expenses, etc., we have squeezed the price down to the last notch. *This wonderful offer will last but a limited time and we therefore urge you to take advantage and order immediately. Note*—These are *Full Quart Bottles.*

MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., Warehouse L ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE
Beautiful Scroll Crystal Glass DECANTERS Filled to the Brim With Delicious Wines And Cordials
SHERRY, PORT, ANGELICA WINES, MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

BOYS! EARN $1.00 TO $5.00 A WEEK selling the BLADE and LEDGER. These are the two greatest papers published and people in every town want to have some one they can buy them from each week. We give you two cents out of each nickel you take in. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. You sell the papers on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings. It is easy to sell them and get steady customers. You can send back the headings of all papers you can't sell, and we won't charge you for them. You can't LOSE. Be one of the boys who make steady money each week, and OWN A PAPER ROUTE OF YOUR OWN. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit and a letter telling you just how to sell the papers and what to say. We tell you exactly how to get customers. It is easy. GET THE JOB BEFORE SOME OTHER BOY BEATS YOU!

Fill this out and send it to us today.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 Dearborn Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. Ad.2
I want to sell the BLADE and LEDGER. Please send me.......... papers.

Name ....
Street or R. F. D. No. ....
Age....... Town.......... State..........

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1889, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she is well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Be jolly—but don't be jollied.

Some profits are not without dishonor.

Be sure you're wrong before you back up.

Only a doctor can repair some typewriters.

Silence is the wisest argument of an ignorant man.

Barefaced fibs grow up and become baldheaded lies.

Boat rockers on the sea of matrimony deserve their fate.

A wise man learns something every time a fool blunders.

In seeking their level lots of men have to slide down the hill.

A bare hook will do when a person fishes for compliments.

Some men try to reach the top and others prefer company.

Many a woman loves her husband less than her husband's wife.

Many a harmless looking bottle contains a lot of fish stories.

Some men are satisfied with half a loaf, and some loaf all the time.

Make a play for luck if you will, but remember it is work that pays.

Lives of great men oft remind us that the book agent is still on the job.

No wonder Solomon was the champion wise man, with 1,000 wives to coach him.

Styles that turn women's heads also put kinks in the necks of the gentlemen.

It is not necessarily a small matter when a woman puts her best foot forward.

A man isn't necessarily a carpenter because he is an expert joiner; he may be a minister.

By covering up their tracks some men get credit for walking in the straight and narrow path.

As a rule women have poor heads for mathematics, but they know how to make their own figures count.

The man who manages to keep out of debt, out of jail and out of politics is a little above the average.

If the millennium doesn't show up until a mother admits that her own children are naughty and those next door are angels it will never arrive.

What has become of the old-fashioned mother who thought that her small son was destined to become a great musician because he could get a tune out of a mouth organ?

PEPPERS

Fair Play.

Two motorists, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather bed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he violently shook his snoring friend.

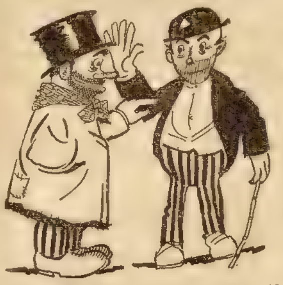
"What's the matter?" growled the sleeper. "It can't be time to get up yet!"

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him, "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather!"

A Big Difference.

A learned bishop was once taken to task by some of his denominational brethren on the charge of exhibiting conceit of himself at variance with the spirit of humility.

"It is not conceit," replied the bishop, with that ponderous bearing that silenced opposition. "It is not conceit, brethren. It is the consciousness of superiority."



"I think it's all tommyrot about 13 being a unlucky number."

"Wot about 12 jurymen and one judge, then?"

Making Him Comfortable.

Commodore Peary, discussing hotels with a Washington reporter, said:

"Modern hotels are becoming more and more luxurious. Every bedroom now has its private bath and dressingroom. These hotels can't do enough to make you comfortable."

Commodore Peary stroked his mustache and smiled.

"In fact," he said, "when I stopped, just after my return from the North Pole, at Simeon Ford's luxurious hotel, Mr. Ford bowed and rubbed his hands and said anxiously:

" 'We shall do everything to make you feel at home. Would you like a nice large cake of ice in your bed, sir?' "

A Modern Invention.

A New Yorker was spending a night at a "hotel" in a Southern town, and, when going to his room for the night, he told the colored porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning. The porter replied:

"Say, boss, I recon yo' ain't familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin', all yo' has to do is jest to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up and calls yo'."

Puzzled the Lawyer.

Occasionally in court proceedings which some reporter is trying to get into the record some witness will insist on simply shaking his head to answer to questions put to him by the attorney.

There was present such a witness at a hearing recently held in the county of L———. Again and again the attorney was obliged to repeat the answer for the benefit of the official court reporter. Presently the patience of the attorney gave out.

"Please answer that question," he said. "Why don't you answer the question?"

"I did answer," was the retort of the injured witness. "I shook my head."

"Yes," assented the quick-witted attorney for the defense. "I heard it rattle, and so did the court reporter; but he doesn't know whether you shook it up and down or sidewise."

The New Catechism.

A well-known doctor of Savannah has two children—a little daughter, aged six, and a small son, aged four. One day he overheard the little girl putting her brother through an examination in Bible history.

"Do you know who the first man and the first woman were?"

"Yeth, I do!" lisped the boy.

"I'll bet you don't know their names," pressed the sister.

"I bet I do!" replied the little fellow.

"Well, what were their names, then, Mr. Smarty?"

"Edem and Ab!" answered the little boy.

Two for Five.

Secretary Garrison, of the War Department, boarded a horse car in New York. He had no change and gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. The conductor took the bill, walked to the front end of the car and stood there.

"My change?" suggested Garrison.

"I can't change no five-dollar bill," the conductor replied.

"Then give me back my bill," demanded Garrison.

"Can't do that either, boss," the conductor replied; "but if you'll stay on the car until we get to the barn you can have the horses!"

Costly Speed.

Orville Wright, at a dinner in his honor in New York, talked about the fast French monoplanes which now make one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

"They're very fast," said Mr. Wright, shaking his head, "but they're——"

"Fast indeed!" interrupted a young millionaire. "Mr. Wright, is there anything on earth those machines can't overtake?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wright, with a frown. "There's one thing they can't overtake, and that's their own running expenses."

Could Be Trusted.

There is a certain Ohio judge whose wit has enlivened many a dull case. On one occasion counsel made in his court this statement on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat bibulous appearance:

"My client, your honor, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position; he is manager of a water works."

After a survey of the client, His Honor replied:

"Yes; he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

Tobacco Habit Banished in 48 to 72 Hours

No Craving for Tobacco In Any Form. Harmless—No Habit-Forming Drugs. Satisfactory Results Guaranteed.

Newell Pharmacal Co., of St. Louis, Mo., located at 789 Locust Street, will send their Free Booklet, "Tobacco Redeemer," to any one writing them.

Every tobacco user should read this booklet, as it plainly shows the deadly effect of the use of tobacco and proves that the habit can easily be banished in from two to three days, without any discomfort whatever, without leaving home or loss of time from business.

It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much of it you now use or how you use it. TOBACCO REDEEMER banishes the desire for tobacco. Men who have used it say it is entirely successful and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco, has improved their health. Any one wishing this free booklet, "Tobacco Redeemer," and positive proof should send name and address at once.

6x9 ft. Floor Rugs $1.95

9x 9 ft. $2.95 12x12 ft. $5.25
9x12 ft. $3.95 12x15 ft. $6.50

6X9 FT. $1.95
9X9 FT. $2.95
9X12 FT. $3.95
12X12 FT. $5.25
12X15 FT. $6.50

A Heavy, Handsome Fast-color, Wool-mixed floor Rug. Elegantly and closely woven in a charming combination floral design. It's a rich, beautiful rug. Evenly woven, perfectly reversible, (either side can be used). Entirely seamless. Weighs 16 ozs. to the sq. yd. Guaranteed absolutely fast color or no sale. Your choice of two delightful color combinations of red and green, and green and tan, with lovely borders to harmonize. Suitable for bed rooms, dining rooms, and parlors, or any room where a strong, closely woven, moderate price rug is needed.

Send 50c Deposit,

State size and color wanted, and we will send you this elegant, heavy, fast-color, wool-mixed floor rug C.O.D. by express subject to examination. If you find it a rarely handsome and beautiful rug, perfectly satisfactory and equal of rugs in your neighborhood costing double our price, pay the agent the balance and express charges, otherwise tell him to send it right back to us at our expense, and we will promptly refund your 50c. Order today or send for our Big Free Carpet and Curtain Catalog the most wonderful book in the world on floor covering. It shows pictures of carpets, rugs, oil-cloths, linoleums, matting, etc., in colors as they actually look. You see the real colors and patterns of the goods, as if you were at our store and saw the goods itself. It shows in colors Hemp Carpet at 11c a yard. Rag Carpet at 25c a yd., Yard wide Ingrains 20c a yd., Brussels 45c a yd., Velvet 63c a yd., Axminster 90c a yd., Small rugs 29c up, 6x9 ft. rugs $1.70 up, 9x9 ft. rugs $2.55 up, 9x12 ft. rugs $3.46 up, Straw matting 15c a yd., Oil cloth 27c sq. yd. Linoleums 43 1-2c sq. yd., and everything in floor covering at correspondingly low prices. Also HEADQUARTERS for Lace Curtains, Draperies, Bedding, etc., full line in carpet catalog. Write now and see our wonder prices.

JOHN M. SMYTH MOSE CO., 150-207 W. Madison St., Chicago

Tuberculosis Victim Recovers Health

Mrs. J. E. Slate, Jr., 1025 Hildreth Ave., Columbus, O., after being given up to die, a victim of tuberculosis, reports "my lungs are now well and I have no signs of tuberculosis."

She decreased in weight from 128 to 53 pounds. She had fever and chills, terrific coughing spells, hemorrhages and night sweats. Physicians pronounced her case hopeless. In desperation she tried NATURE'S CREATION and almost from the start began to improve and the symptoms subsided. "Seven months later I could walk alone and my cough had entirely left. I am now married and well," she writes.

MRS. J. E. SLATE, JR.

Everyone suffering from tuberculosis or the conditions leading to it—such as asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, run down system or impure blood—should take NATURE'S CREATION without delay. It has saved hundreds; why not YOU? To convince yourself of its merits, write today for our new illustrated free booklet, "Truth," containing full information and reports of remarkable recoveries. Address

M. HAYMANN 413 STATE LIFE BLDG., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1044 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents. ROBERTS & CO., 526 MADISON ST., CHICAGO

X-RAY The latest scientific wonder. Clothes and flesh turn transparent and bones can plainly be seen. Price by mail 10c. E. G. HARRE & CO., 6141 University Ave., Chicago

MOTHERS Use Zemeto and your children's beds will be dry. BOX FREE. Zemeto Co., D 3 Milwaukee, Wis.

$3.95
Gold
Dial
20 Year Guarantee

THIN Model 20 YEAR Guaranteed $25 GOLD Watch $3.95

Here is the watch you have always wanted. Sent you at our risk—without your sending any money not even a deposit. Write if you prefer Lady's or Gent's size, gold sunburst, fancy, or white enameled dial, open face plain polished, or beautifully engraved hunting case, and we will send this Elegant 20 Year Fully Guaranteed Latest Style stem wind & stem set watch, C. O. D. by parcel post or for free examination & test at your express office. If you are pleased with it & sure it equals a 21 jewel $25 gold watch, pay post or expressman our Special Sale Price, only $3.95 & watch is yours. Chain or fob free. Write now. MUTUAL SALES CO., Dept G22, Chicago, Ill.

GREAT SPECIAL OFFER

—TO NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY—

HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY

Full Quart—Only 80 Cents—Express Paid

WE want every man in America who has never tried Hayner Whiskey to try it NOW. Cut out this ad—mail it with your order and 80 cents in stamps or coin—and the full quart bottle of *Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey* will be sent in sealed case—express charges paid. It's fine—a *Bottled-in-Bond* whiskey of the choicest kind—sealed with the Government's Green Stamp over the cork—your assurance it is fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—as good and pure as can be produced. It's *sure* to please you—*sure* to win your future trade. You take no chances—we are responsible—been in business 48 years—capital $500,000.00 fully paid. Don't put this off—*order right now*—order MORE than one quart if you like—and goods will go forward by first express.

NOTE: Orders from N. Mex., Colo., Wyo., Mont., and all states west thereof must call for $1.00 for one quart—express paid. L-B-24

(All future orders must be for FOUR quarts or more)

Address our nearest office

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., Dept. A-30

Dayton, Ohio St. Louis, Mo. Boston, Mass. New Orleans, La.
Toledo, Ohio Indianapolis, Ind. Kansas City, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Jacksonville, Fla.

80¢
FULL
QUART
EXPRESS PAID
HAYNER
RICH
PRIVATE STOCK
PURE
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.

The Count's Revenge

Or, AN EYE FOR AN EYE

By Adrienne Roucolle

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 42, October 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.

FREEDOM.

WHEN Monsieur de Beaufort heard Ottavia Rignago state that she was going to tell the truth, he thought of but one thing—to silence her at any price. He, therefore, sprang at her throat with [illegible]:

"You shall not speak."

She struggled to free herself, while Hector seized his father and unfastened his hold upon the woman's neck, as he said in frightened surprise:

"My God, father, have you lost your reason!"

"No, no," moaned Monsieur de Beaufort, as Francesca sank without strength to a chair, "I am not mad, but she must not speak. She must not tell you. You will never forgive."

"On the contrary, she must tell me. If there is something that has been concealed from me, it is necessary that I should know it," protested Hector as he took his stand between his father and the woman.

This remark caused a moan of despair to escape from the unfortunate Francesca as she realized that her husband was about to know of her shameful parentage, making him hate her the more.

Hector, hearing the moan, turned in her direction in startled surprise, sudden uneasiness and fear filling his heart as he saw the pale, crushed figure huddled in a heap on the armchair. Ottavia was also looking at her, her callous heart stirred as it had never been before as she thought how different would have been her life, what a better woman she would have been had yonder half-fainting girl been her child instead of the daughter of the peasant couple. The young wife's moan echoed to her very soul as she realized how much she suffered at the thought of having such a mother. It was evident that Monsieur de Beaufort had told her everything, though Hector was still in ignorance. For the first time she saw herself as others saw her, a creature so low that it was an unspeakable disgrace to be her daughter, and in a flash her rebellion against God left her as she realized that His ways, though sometimes mysterious to our human senses, were always best and right. All this passed through her mind in a second's time. She turned first to Monsieur de Beaufort, then to Hector, finally to Francesca, her eyes remaining fixed on her until she had finished speaking:

"You had better shut up and let me talk if you know what's good for you," she said rudely to Monsieur de Beaufort, and to Hector, "I'm going to tell you the absolute truth for the sake of your wife so that you will not make her suffer because of her parentage," then, addressing herself to Francesca, she added: "They told you, I suppose, that I was your mother? Well, it isn't true."

With a cry Francesca rose to her feet and, pale and breathless, waited while the woman continued, not heeding her exclamation nor Monsieur de Beaufort's glad cry of relief.

"I did bear Count del Sarto a child, but that child died a few weeks after its birth and, fearing to lose the reward promised, I got another child to replace mine—you are that child."

Hurriedly, with as few details as possible, anxious to have it over with, she told the astonished listeners of the shameful bargain she had made with the Count, the birth of her daughter, her death and the substitution of the peasant woman's daughter; then the Count's suggestion that she blackmail the father of the man who had married her supposed child, finishing her story with the words:

"Had my baby lived, I would have been a different woman, for with its first cry my soul awoke to life. I wanted to become good, to reform, that the mother might redeem the woman. Then the child died and I ceased to care. I felt that God did not want my redemption since He had taken from me the only one capable of saving me from the gutter into which I had fallen. I sank lower and lower and became the lowest of the low, thinking that nothing could change me any more, that I was dead to pity, to mercy. I was mistaken. When I heard you speak of your coming motherhood, something stirred within me. I thought of the child I had lost which, had she lived, might have been in your place, and for her sake, because she has been the one love of my life, I have spoken and told the truth."

Ottavia had spoken so rapidly that no one could interrupt and now breathless, weak with emotion, she sank to a seat, her head between her hands. The vision of what might have been had moved her almost to the point of tears, showing that she had been more a victim of fate than a naturally bad woman. For a second no one spoke, all gazing in compassion on the crushed figure which seemed the more pitiful because of the gaudy clothes and bleached hair which so clearly proclaimed her to be one of the fallen sisterhood. Francesca was the first to recover from the emotion which held all in its power. She hurried to Ottavia, knelt on the carpet at her feet and, gently stroking the woman's trembling hand, murmured, her eyes moist with grateful tears:

"Thank you for saving him the pain. It was hard enough that he had to give up the woman he loved to marry me."

These words showed Hector that his young wife knew the truth. He took two steps toward her, wishing to tell her that he had ceased to care, that he had learned to love her; but Ottavia was speaking and he paused to listen.

"I see now why my baby was taken from me. God did not want her, the innocent, to suffer the shame of her mother's sinful past," continued Ottavia, following the course of her thoughts. She did not hear Francesca's words, merely stroked her hair in a tender gesture as the girl knelt at her feet. "Motherhood and its joys are meant only as a reward for the good, not for vicious, yet God knows I wasn't naturally bad. My misfortune was to be born poor and beautiful, therefore the natural prey of the idle rich. After the first step on the downward road, a woman cannot stop. Society will not let her, for its members, one and all, force her down, down farther into the mud from which she vainly tries to rise."

Suddenly a thought struck Francesca. She rose to her feet with a glad cry of triumph, as she realized that it was now in her power to free Hector from the galling chains which held him to her. If what the woman said was true, she was not his wife, having married him under a name which did not belong to her. She did not think of herself, of her position in the world as a mother without being a wife! She did not pause to consider how she could support her child, how she would battle alone with the world which takes pleasure in crushing the weak and the helpless. All she thought of in this moment of supreme self-sacrifice was Hector's future happiness. Eagerly, breathlessly, she asked:

"It is really, truly so that I am not your daughter nor that of the Count del Sarto?"

"Yes!" Ottavia looked at the girl-wife in surprise, as did the others, all wondering at her sudden excitement.

"Then when I was married, I was married under a name which was not mine—my real name—what was it?" continued Francesca, seemingly not heeding the astonishment caused by her words.

"Your father's name is Antonio Ristori," answered Ottavia, still more bewildered, rising in her astonishment and taking a step toward the young woman wondering if she had lost her reason, so unexplainable seemed her eager questions.

Francesca, still not heeding the surprise she was causing, bent only on knowing if what she hoped to accomplish was possible, hastened to Monsieur de Beaufort, who had not risen since he had dropped without strength into a chair after Hector had loosened his hold upon Ottavia's neck. Eagerly she asked:

"Does not the fact that I was married to your son under a name which was not mine annul that marriage—make it in the eyes of the law null and void?"

"Why do you ask that question?" asked Monsieur de Beaufort, as Hector drew near, almost as eager as she to know his father's answer, fearing perhaps that something was going to come up to take Francesca from him now that he had learned to love her with a love such as he had never felt for another woman.

"Never mind why I ask," broke in Francesca, with ever increasing excitement. "Answer me, is it not a fact that our marriage was not legal?"

"From the point of law perhaps not, but morally——"

Francesca did not let him finish, for turning to Hector she cried:

"Then you are free, Hector, you are not chained to me for life, you can still marry the woman you love. I no longer stand in the way of your happiness. God has answered my prayer!"

Then all at once she realized what the separation would mean to her who loved him so. She saw herself alone in the world with a nameless child, and she broke down completely, her strength leaving her suddenly as the shock struck her very soul. She remained for a second with widely-staring, unseeing eyes, then she swayed like a broken reed and would have fallen to the floor had not Hector caught her in his arms and carried her, weak as he was, to the next room. He placed her on the bed, around which all three, forgetful of everything but the girl, busied themselves to return life to the unconscious frame. Ottavia took command, calling for water, for salts, loosening the young woman's clothes, ordering the frightened husband to rub the cold hands, sending Monsieur de Beaufort for a doctor. After a few seconds life seemed to return to Francesca, the eyelids quivered and Ottavia,

DIABETES

Physicians Using New Remedy With Great Success.

50c Package Free

Diabetes no longer need be a terror to those who have become afflicted with this dread disease.

As a result of extensive experiments, physicians announce that a simple herb, growing wild in Mexico, long known for its high medical value, has the merits of reducing specific gravity and sugar in Diabetes, besides restoring vigor and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy should relieve the patient of his worst symptom in the most aggravated case, in a short time. To prove it, we will mail 50c package for 10c to help pay distribution costs, also free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet lists and table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods. Diabetol is always sold under guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer and send 10c today for a full sized 50c package. AMES CHEMICAL CO., Box 179-L, Whitney Point, N. Y.

Six Elegant Lace Curtains

FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you, post paid, 12 boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, also 12 beautiful Art Pictures, 16x20 in. Sell the Cloverine at 25c. each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us $3 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pair) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after you show pictures—stores usually charge $1 each for them.

A doctor discovered "Cloverine." Millions using it for Cuts, Eczema, Piles, Colds, Catarrh. Write to-day—be first in your town. Address

The Wilson Chemical Co.

Curtain Dept. No. 14

TYRONE . . PA.

MAKE BIG MONEY SHIPPING FURS

Biggs at K. C. pays highest prices and sends you money by return mail. Nothing deducted for commissions. Honest grading. For shipments held separate on request and sent back at once if our returns are not O. K. Guaranteed baits, each package containing special guide for trapping the animal bait is made for. Traps and supplies at factory cost. FREE Catalog of supplies and Trapper's Guide, with special fur price lists.

E. W. BIGGS & CO.

Oldest and Largest Dealers in Hides and Furs in Southwest.

242 Biggs Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BE WISE TRAPPERS

Do as the wise ones are doing—ship all your furs to Hill Bros. Fur Co. where you are sure to get the highest prices.

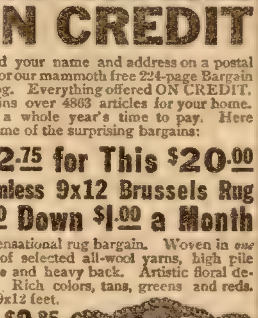
We Charge No Commission

Send us a trial shipment. Our liberal grading and higher prices have made us the fastest growing Fur House in America. Send for FUR price list and FREE catalogue of Trapper's Supplies TO-DAY

HILL BROS. FUR CO. 366 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.

SKUNK We pay top prices for Skunk, Mink, Muskrat, and all raw Furs. Price list free. M. J. JEWETT & SONS, REDWOOD, N. Y., DEPT. 27

No. 217. 9x12 Seamless Brussels Rug



No. 219

4863 BARGAINS A YEAR TO PAY!

WE WILL FURNISH YOUR HOME ON CREDIT

Send your name and address on a postal card for our mammoth free 224-page Bargain Catalog. Everything offered ON CREDIT. Contains over 4863 articles for your home. Take a whole year's time to pay. Here are some of the surprising bargains:

$12.75 for This $20.00 Seamless 9x12 Brussels Rug $1.00 Down $1.00 a Month

A sensational rug bargain. Woven in *one piece*, of selected all-wool yarns, high pile surface and heavy back. Artistic floral design. Rich colors, tans, greens and reds. Size, 9x12 feet.

$14.50 Overstuffed Rocker $9.85

$1.00 Down $1.00 a Month

This Massive Overstuffed Rocker is positively the biggest value ever offered you. Substantially constructed and elegantly upholstered in Royal Leather. Back is high, artistically shaped and neatly button tufted. Front and sides are ruffled. No. 219, price $9.85.

30 Days' FREE Trial

Just a few cents cash brings any article to your home *right away*. If delighted with the goods, take a year's time to make the little payments. No interest—no publicity. If dissatisfied, we take the goods right back, refund your money and pay freight charges both ways.

In the past 56 years we have supplied over a million homes with furniture and household goods on this wonderful easy plan.

Big Book of 4863 BARGAINS FREE

Send a postal for the grand free book, filled with big bargains at little prices—beautiful chairs, tables, beds, dressers, [illegible] rugs, stoves, [illegible]—EVERYTHING ON EASY CREDIT.

Send a postal now—TODAY

"THE HOME MAKER"

L. FISH FURNITURE Co.

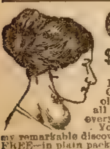
Dept. 423 EST 1858 CHICAGO, ILL.

Free Hair Remedy

Let Me Send You A Free $1.00 Package

Foso grows hair, thickens eyebrows, lengthens eyelashes, changes gray or faded hair to its natural color, stops itching, removes dandruff, and makes the hair of man, woman or child heavy and beautifully glossy. Send your name and address with this advertisement to The Foso Company, 5099 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose 10 cents in stamps or silver, as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail, prepaid, free of charge

$1.00 Package Free. Write Today.



GOITRE

$2.50 TEST Treatment FREE

Don't suffer and be disfigured with Goitre. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures.

You may try one $2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

$2.50 Treatment Free

Fill out and mail this coupon to Dr. W. T. BOBO, 612 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get one $2.50 Treatment FREE by mail.

Age?............How old is goitre?...............yrs.

Nervous?..............Hands tremble?..............

Do eyes bulge?..................Does heart beat too rapidly?...................Health?..............

Name ....

Address. ....

If you feel "out of sorts" or don't sleep well; have Headaches or Poor Appetite; if your Complexion is bad and Eyes dull; if your Sparkle and Snap are all gone—if you have any of these symptoms—

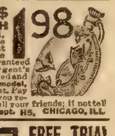
FREE! Liver, Kidney and Stomach Remedy and Doctor Doyle's Health Book FREE!

Your LIVER Needs Doctoring At Once!

Write to us for a full trial treatment of

RENO-VINE

The only thing in the world which will do the job. We will send it by return mail, free of any charge whatever. Also Dr. Doyle's Health Book on the Liver, which will teach you how to keep well. Both absolutely Free. Address RENO-VINE CO., Box 400, Smethport, Penna.



THIN MODEL GOLD $198

10 Year Guarantee WATCH

Here is that genuine American stem wind, stem set watch you always wanted. One you can depend on, feel proud of. Sent at our risk, without one cent in advance. More durable than a $20 gold watch; fully guaranteed for 10 years. Write if you prefer lady's or gent's 12 size, plain polished or beautifully engraved and we will send this elegant latest style, thin model, accurate timekeeper, C.O.D. by parcel post. Pay postmaster only $1.98 and postage when you receive watch and it is yours. If pleased tell your friends; if not tell us. Write now. LIGHT WATCH CO., Dept. H5, CHICAGO, ILL.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. Write us in confidence.

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 1201—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago

CROWN YOUR TEETH

with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C.B.FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 17 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

40 LB. - - FEATHER BEDS - - $7.00

New, clean, odorless, sanitary and dustless feathers. Best Ticking. 6-pound pillows $1.00 per pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog. AGENTS WANTED. SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 1122, GREENSBORO, N. C.

ASTHMA REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

Old Coins WANTED, $1 to $600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10c for our Ill. Coin Value Book. It may mean your fortune. OLD COIN CO., 802 EAST 61st ST., CHICAGO

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet X1018 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Free opinion and booklet. MILO B. STEVENS & Co., 637 F St., Washington. 357 Monadnock Blk., Chicago. Established 1864

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Proof. By Dr. Chase's Special Blood and Nerve Tablets. Dr. Chase, 224 N. Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

seeing she was about to regain consciousness, whispered to Hector with a look he never forgot:

"She is coming out of her faint, and I leave her with you, trusting you will do the right thing. She loves you more than any other woman will ever love you. Make her happy," then stooping over the girl, she pressed her lips once on the white brow, and blinded with tears, redeemed in that one instant of pure, holy love for this girl who reminded her of the child she lost and who awoke within her all the good that laid dormant in her unhappy soul, the woman Ottavia left husband and wife together.

When Monsieur de Beaufort returned a few minutes later with the doctor, they found Francesca weeping softly in Hector's arms, her head on his shoulder, her face, through the cloud of happy tears, showing its first glow of perfect bliss. Seeing this, Monsieur de Beaufort realized that his son's happiness was now forever assured.

Two weeks later while Monsieur de Beaufort returned to Toulouse, Hector and Francesca went to the young woman's birthplace near Rome, where they hunted up her parents. The reunion of the peasant mother and the lady daughter was touching indeed and the elder woman recounted in her simple, homely way what she had suffered to give up her child as she had been forced to do.

Count del Sarto, while wondering at Ottavia's sudden departure from Lisbon, thought for a few days that the woman would soon return. He thought that perhaps Monsieur de Beaufort had been able to give her a little money which had pacified her, but when later he saw the apparent reconciliation between Francesca and her father-in-law, when he noticed that Monsieur de Beaufort ceased to have the frightened, haunted look which for months had showed him how well he was being avenged, he began to suspect something. Then came De Beaufort's return to Toulouse and the young couple's departure for Rome. He followed the elder man and sent Guilio as spy on Hector and Francesca.

Monsieur de Beaufort resumed his duties at the tribunal, though the months of suffering he had endured had so drained his vitality that it was only a question of months before the rapid decline into which he was going would end his earthly career. A few days after the return to Toulouse, as Count del Sarto was trying to figure out some new way of torturing his victim, he received a message from the faithful Guilio which gave him the explanation of the apparent calm which had come over his enemy—Ottavia had betrayed him, they knew she was not Francesca's mother and therefore had ceased to fear disgrace from that quarter. In the cold rage which took possession of him at this announcement, he determined that Ottavia would pay with her life for her betrayal. He would kill her first, then would return to finish his other vengeance. That very night he left for Rome, where, with the aid of detectives, he was able to locate her three weeks later. She was in a third-class dive in the outskirts of the city, where she spent the greater part of her time drinking, wishing to drown in the fumes of wine the remembrance that she still had a soul once more awakened to life by the sight of Francesca, that girl with the angel face, who had replaced her dead daughter.

When he was thoroughly informed as to her whereabouts and her mode of living, Count del Sarto went alone one night to the dive and asked to be shown to the woman's room. He was admitted without difficulty. Ottavia, half drunk, a partly-empty bottle on a table beside the bed, was lying down in the semi-torpor which comes from drink. Closing the door behind him, Count del Sarto advanced to the bed. The woman partly rose on her elbow at the sight of a visitor, the dim light from the smoky lamp not giving her the chance of seeing the features of the muffled figure advancing toward the bed.

"Who goes there?" she asked. "What do you want?"

"I want to keep the promise I made you a few months ago," answered Count del Sarto, as he drew a dagger from his breast and let it scintillate for a second in the light. "You betrayed me and I told you that I could be a killer. I am going to prove it to you."

As he spoke, he raised the weapon. The woman, looking at it in fascinated horror, did not at first move; then, sobered in a second, she slipped her hand under the pillow and clutched convulsively a small revolver concealed beneath. Then as the man's arm lowered to strike her, she pulled the gun and fired straight in the Count's heart just as the uplifted dagger descended and buried itself to the hilt in her bosom. Neither had been quick enough to save himself. Fate had decreed that they should both die.

Guilio, going to see what kept his master away so long, had been told of the two deaths and in his grief over the demise of his only friend, revealed the real name of the murdered man, so that the papers of Rome were able to make a big sensation of the tragic affair, the other papers of Europe copying the story. Hector, reading his morning paper, saw the article, read it, then calling his wife to him, cried in joyous relief:

"Francesca, we are free, forever free! Death has insured our freedom."

After reading the account, the young wife looked up, her eyes wet with tears:

"Poor woman, our happiness has cost her her life." Thus did Francesca alone guess the truth concerning the mysterious deaths.

Monsieur de Beaufort did not live long to enjoy his freedom from his enemy's revenge. The months of anguish and dread had so undermined his health that he went into a rapid decline, dying some four months after the birth of his grandson. His soul passed out of the worn-out body without a struggle and he fell asleep like a tired child, thus going to the eternal Judge, who, being merciful, certainly decided that he had suffered enough for the sin of his youth.

Francesca, who during the lonely years of her unloved youth had longed to be loved, has her wish fully granted. Hector worships her, while back on the little farm near Rome an aged peasant couple await eagerly the semi-annual visits of their lady daughter and her baby boy, praying every night as they say their beads for her happiness.

Youth forgets rapidly, so Jeanne de Granville did not mourn long over her broken engagement with Hector, marrying an English officer two years after. The De Granville family moved to England, causing Hector to say to Francesca as he drew her to him:

"Now, my darling, we can be perfectly happy since we know that our happiness is not purchased with another's misery."

The End.

* * *

A BLACK CAT

"Well, then, I shall not go," said Pauline.

"But, Pauline, it's so ridiculous," protested the young man who had just gone back into the house to get the young woman's forgotten handkerchief.

"If I'm so ridiculous as all that," said Pauline, drawing herself up haughtily, "I don't suppose you want me to marry you any more."

"You haven't married me at all yet," rejoined the young man ruefully. "But I didn't say you were ridiculous. I said that it seems ridiculous to be swayed this way and that constantly by all sorts of little superstitions."

"But listen," said Pauline, eagerly. "It won't take you a minute just to sit down and count ten—and it would make me so happy." She was plainly wheedling.

"It makes me feel like a fool," snapped Wharton, as he flopped down on the step and rapidly counted ten. Pauline ran down the steps and thrust her little hand into his just long enough to give an appreciative little squeeze.

"You're just the most darling thing," she said.

Dick looked down at her gloomily. Then he laughed.

"Absurd little monkey," he ejaculated, as he helped her into the waiting motor car. "When are you going to marry me?"

"I don't know," said Pauline. "You see," she chattered along without giving him an opportunity to pursue the subject, "it isn't that I think anything is really, truly going to happen, but so many things do happen that it doesn't do any harm to take precautions, don't you know? Now, yesterday Jane dropped her umbrella just as we were starting out to call on Mrs. Emmett. That means a disappointment, you know. So I was sure she'd be at home, because we very particularly didn't want her to be, and she was, and I believe even Jane will pay more attention to me now."

Dick looked unhappily down the road. "I guess I must have done nothing but drop umbrellas since I met you," he said.

"Why, Dick?" said Pauline. "Why?" At this point she glanced down the open stretch of road in front of them and gave a terrified little gasp. "Oh, Dick," she cried distressfully, "stop the car!"

Dick hastily obeyed. Having done so, he, too, looked down the road ahead of them. There, ambling majestically through the dust, was a large black cat. As they watched, it sat down deliberately in the path directly in front of the car. The young woman shuddered.

Dick leaned forward, but Pauline grasped his arm convulsively.

"Dick," she said tensely, "if you drive past that cat, I shall die, or maybe you will, or maybe there'll be an awful train wreck when we go on our wedding trip and we'll both be killed. Dick, you know I don't believe you know how much I love you. I don't believe I ever explained quite how crazy I am about you. I—I—I'd do anything in the world for you, Dick. Won't you please not drive past that cat?"

Dick looked steadily down the road, and not at the attractive young woman who sat beside him. He knew the effect those pleading eyes always had on him. "You'd do anything for me," he said. "Would you, for instance, go with me now to a minister's and marry me?"

He felt, rather than heard, Pauline's little gasp.

"But wouldn't—we—have to have a license or something?" she quavered.

"We can go and get one first," replied Dick, his eyes on the cat.

Pauline buried her face in her hands for the fraction of a second. "It seems perfectly terrible," she whispered, "to be married without any bridesmaids or veil or flowers or anything. But it would be awfuller to pass that cat. Dick, won't you please, please turn around and not make me marry you right this minute? I will do it some time, honestly I will, but it will be so horrid to have everybody talking about it and saying we eloped."

"I shan't mind a bit," said Dick serenely.

There was silence for a few moments. The cat eyed them balefully, as only a black cat can.

"Dick, do you honestly mean it?" Pauline asked tremulously. "Won't you turn around unless I—unless we—unless I promise?"

"No, I won't."

"Perhaps if we sit here a while the cat will go away."

"That wouldn't change the situation. I know something about these things myself, and they tell me it doesn't make any difference. It's just as bad luck to cross the road after the cat's gone as it is to go past it."

"Truly?" queried Pauline, humbly. "We-e-ll."

"But why did you do such a mean, sneaky thing?" cried Pauline's sister distractedly when the two appeared before her and confessed what they had done.

"Oh, I couldn't bear the thought of a big, fussy wedding," said Pauline, brazenly. "And neither could Dick," she added as an afterthought. "Could you, Dickie bird?"

A NEW WAY To Get Your Clothes Free

Make Big Money During Spare Time

Something Different, bigger, more liberal than any offer ever made. Lower prices—better clothes—bigger cash profits. Express paid on everything.

Double Pay

FREE clothes and cash besides. We don't ask you to use your cash profits for your own clothes. Ours is a new and better plan. An Extra Present with every order. Not a prize scheme. Choose what you want, work for it and get it besides your Cash Profits. Complete Outfit FREE, 56 real cloth samples, 50 Fashion Plates. Inside wholesale prices. Get the big money. Your name on a post card brings everything FREE.

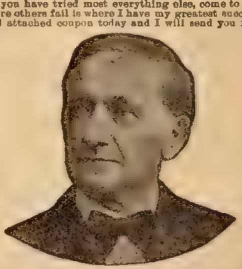
SPENCER MEAD CO., Dept. 803, Chicago

Don't Wear A Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out the coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
1843 B, State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name ....

Address ....

City.............................State...............

RING TO RIDGEPOLE

A Boy's Struggle to Become the World's Greatest Circus Performer

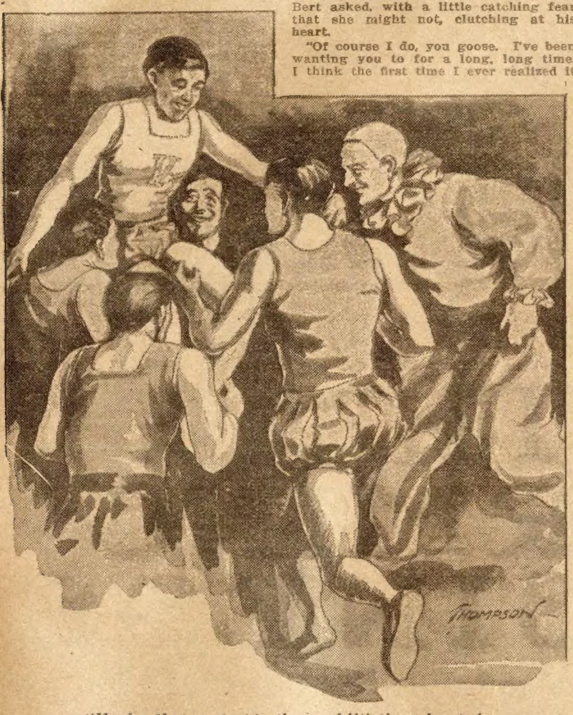
By John Miller Gregory

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 43, October 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARY refused absolutely to go to a hospital. A doctor examined her carefully for internal injuries and Bert breathed a sigh of relief when he was told that the injury was nothing more serious than a compound fracture of the arm bone. With care and absolute freedom from all kinds of work until the arm was entirely healed, the doctor said, Mary would get all right within a short time. Her excellent physical condition would help her no little in her recovery, and he only feared lest the arm should not set properly.



"You're the greatest in the world!" they shouted.

Bert constituted himself chief nurse to Mary, and watched over her with even more care than she showed him when he had been injured in the "hey rube." He brought her flowers to lighten the gloom of her little berth, and fruit and books by the armful. He even felt jealous when the other partners in the act tried to do little things for her, but Mary wouldn't allow him to interfere there.

"Let them alone," she commanded with a little pout of her red lips. "Let them make a fuss over me. I like it, and I'm not used to being fussed over. It's just as if I were a real circus queen, with all the circus subjects paying court to me in my circus castle."

"I wouldn't mind it if I didn't—didn't love you myself. There it's out now, and I'll stand by it."

She opened her eyes wide with amazement. "Stand by it? Of course you'll stand by it. I shan't let you do anything else. I've been living and getting well on what you whispered in my ear the night I fell."

"Do you want me to love you then?" Bert asked, with a little catching fear that she might not, clutching at his heart.

"Of course I do, you goose. I've been wanting you to for a long, long time. I think the first time I ever realized it was when you were hurt in the fight. I told you so that night too, but you didn't hear me."

Bert started to contradict her, but thought better of it. Instead, "How about Harry Carroll? Didn't you love him?"

Her merry laughter rang through the sleeper, and made the motherly old wardrobe mistress whose berth was opposite. Mary's look up with a little understanding smile on her lips.

"Harry Carroll! Why the very idea. I've always liked him, but I've never loved him. Besides he's married."

"Married?" Bert gasped. "He never told me."

"I'm the only one that knows it. It happened the week before the show opened, and he's going to bring her on to work in the act as soon as I get well. She's the little Topeka girl whose picture he had on his dresser at the farm."

"The old son-of-a-gun," laughed Bert. "He told me that was his sister."

She laughed a contented little laugh and cuddled up to him. "There's nobody in the world Bert, but just you and Bobby."

He was looking at her now with all the hunger of his year's pent up love in his eyes. Very reverently, as he had seen his father kiss his mother, he bent down and kissed her.

"We'll take care of Bobby, sweetheart, until he's grown up, won't we, after we're married?"

"Married?" The laughter sprang again to her eyes. "But we aren't married yet, Bert."

"I know, but we will be soon, won't we?"

She thought for a moment with a little pucker on her lips. Then very seriously she took both his hands in her well one. "Not until you get to be the greatest aerial performer in the world," she said.

That night in their berth Bert laid another proposal before Ben. "You're the best caster in the business, Ben, and one of the best catchers. Tomorrow you and I will have to start breaking in that flying act. It'll mean work again, but we can do it. When we have it ready, we'll have the greatest act in the world. Is it a go?"

"Do you know what it means to have the greatest act in the world?"

"I know it means work that'll put the work we did last winter to shame. But look at the time we've got for it. All this season and all next winter. We can perfect our stuff this summer and give the winter practice to the others. We'll have it ready for the big show in the spring."

"Will the others work for it?" asked Ben, skeptical of the steadiness of all circus people.

"They will, and be glad to do it," Bert assured him.

"Then it's a go," promised Ben, and there in the darkness they shook hands on it.

Two months later Bert surprised Ben by doing, in practice work, a double pirouette and a single somersault. Ben fell from his flying trapeze to the net grinning in delight.

"Slip her there, kid," he yelled, at the top of his voice. "That was great."

"When I do three somersaults and a double pirouette, I'll be the greatest aerial performer in the world," said Bert, and Ben wondered what he was thinking about.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE summer season and winter had passed and Bert stood, on a cool night in the spring, before Madison Square Garden in New York, looking up at a huge electric sign blazoned against the sky. In flaming red letters across the top were the words:

"DONLIN BROTHERS
WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWS."

and beneath them was a huge figure of an aerial act which contained fourteen people on a vast rigging made of lights, with flying trapeze swinging to and fro and figures in colored lights shooting through the air. Under it, in letters but little smaller than those which announced the name of the shows, were the words:

"THE FLYING VALERNOS
SENSATIONAL AERIALISTS."

As Bert gazed upon the sign his heart was jumping as it did the day the bill-poster ahead of Stark's circus caught him working on his bar in his father's barn and told him he could join the circus. Tears welled to his eyes, and he let them come, glorying in the feeling, sobbing aloud in very ecstacy so that a passer-by turned and looked at him in astonishment. But Bert had no eyes for anything but the sign and the thousands of people pouring through the entrance to the greatest show place in New York. In them he saw the realization of his boyhood dream, the culmination of two years almost heart-breaking effort to master the hardest tricks of his profession. His thoughts flew back to his little home where the church people had said that he would never amount to anything and that eternal damnation only would await the godless boy whose sole delight was to imitate the circus people. He thought how proud his mother would be if she could see that sign up there in the night which proclaimed the act he had founded and perfected, the greatest circus act in the greatest circus the world had ever seen; and he thought of the other woman, the little girl who had worked with him and encouraged him and promised to be his wife when he should make himself the greatest aerial performer of this greatest of circuses.

How long he stood there alone with his thoughts though thousands of people had passed him, he could not tell, but the striking of a clock aroused him. It was nearly time for the circus to open and here he stood mooning over his greatness. With a happy little laugh, he rushed away to the dressing-room.

The grand pageant was over and the circus acts were trooping out one after

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 696 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

NEW RHEUMATISM REMEDY.
Readers of the Chicago Ledger may receive free a 50c box of Solace Rheumatic Remedy by addressing the Solace Chemical Co., 712 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

Hello Boys! MAKE LOTS OF TOYS Write today for my FREE BOOK
My book tells how boys have barrels of fun building big steel models with the Erector—battleships, torpedo boats, aeroplanes, elevators, bridges and 200 other models. Many of these you can run with the Mysto Electric Motor (free in all sets over $3). It's great fun!
The Mysto ERECTOR
(The Toy with Girders like Structural Steel)
I made the Erector girders with turned-over edges so you could build big, strong models. You can build quickly and easily. Erector trains boys' mechanical skill. A splendid present. At toy dealers, or direct if you haven't a toy dealer in your town. Eight sizes, $1 to $25. Write now for my brightly colored Book, full of pictures, and my interesting boy's magazine (free).
A. C. GILBERT, Pres.
The Mysto Mfg. Co.,
82 Foote Street,
New Haven, Conn.

FREE
FREE—$8.00 WORTH OF PRESENTS
With each of our Ladies' or Gents' Genuine American $15.00 watches, all for $5.95, subject to your examination, we will give absolutely FREE a $5.00 highly polished steel 7-shot Revolver, one $2.00 old-fashioned guaranteed Cutler Razor and a $1.00 finest quality horsehide, double self-honing Barber Strop. Just send us your order and we will ship you the whole outfit C. O. D. Examine the goods carefully and if you are fully satisfied then pay the expressman $5.95 and the outfit is yours. If not satisfactory, return at our expense. Offer lasts only 30 days, so send order NOW. Address CARROLL CUTLER & CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO

Bird Manna makes Canaries Sing
tuneful melodies, when illness or moulting has made them silent. It was invented by the breeders in the Hartz Mountains. It keeps Canaries in good health and restores their feathers. Sold by druggists at 15c. Mailed at same price with a 32-page bird book. Complete 120-page bird book mailed for 15c. or together with a cake of Manna for 25c. GENUINE BIRD MANNA is always put up in white metal caps with red imprint on them. PHILAD'A BIRD FOOD CO., Station S., Philadelphia, Pa.

WATCH AND SHOES FREE
We positively give a High-grade Man's Watch and also a neat, dressy pair of Man's or Woman's Shoes Free for selling only 20 old reliable Pain Killing Plasters at 25c. each. These Plasters bring quick relief for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Soreness, etc. When introduced, people send to you for them, and you get cash profits and premiums. Send No Money. Write to-day, sure, and we will send Plasters, Premium Catalog, and all instructions. Dr. CHASE CHEMICAL CO., 62 Chase Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

$1 BOTTLE COMPLEXION TABLETS ON TRIAL FREE
If you have any blemish on your face—pimples, blackheads, blotches, etc.,—or, if you are not as beautiful as you would like to be, we will send you a full size $1.00 bottle of La Favorite Complexion Tablets on free trial. If they clear up your skin and give you a soft, velvety complexion with a good healthy color and the bloom of youth on your cheeks pay us $1 for them. If not you owe us nothing. You are to be the judge. Enclose 2c stamp for postage. La Favorite Laboratories Company, 1328 Waldheim Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Make $5000 a Year in "Movies"
Our Experience & Small Capital Starts You
Let us guide you to a big, steady income, from little investment. Our vast experience gives you "inside" facts. We start you with complete outfit. A postal brings our exclusive guide to success in the motion picture business; also catalog of equipment plans and details of how you can enter this popular, profitable amusement field. Address Atlas Moving Picture Co., 508 S. Dearborn St., Dept 231 Chicago

AGENTS BRAND NEW LINE RED-HOT SELLERS. Catalogue just off the press. Every item a sure-fire success. Lowest prices ever quoted—allows you 100% to 250% Profit. New Xmas items. Send for this Fortune Builder Address Agents' Dept., International Metal & Ferro Co., 139 Chicago.

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, book, newspaper, &c. PRESS $5, Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, samples, &c. THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

TOBACCO HABIT BANISHED
In 48 to 72 hours. No Craving for Tobacco After First Dose. Harmless, no habit forming drugs. Positively guaranteed. Write today for free booklet. DR. D. L. RAMSDELL, 917 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

17 XMAS NOVELTIES FREE
We will send you 17 useful Xmas Novelties if you send 4c to pay postage and mailing and say you will explain our offer and show the mdse. we send you to 6 of your friends. New Ideas Novelty Co., 91 New Ideas Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 22, London, Canada.

FREE
350 Shot Hammerless REPEATER
Lever action, loads automatically, gun metal finished steel, walnut stock, weight 24 ozs., length 31½ in. FREE for selling only 12 handkerchief boxes, containing four dainty handkerchiefs at 25 cents each. R. W. ELDRIDGE, 22 Eldridge Bldg., Orleans, Vt.

New Band Catalog FREE
Your name and address is enough. We will send you our big new Band Catalog absolutely free. 250 pages, 788 illustrations, 67 art color plates, 2561 musical instruments described.
We supply the U. S. Gov't. WURLITZER 200 years of instrument making. Any instrument on Free Trial.
$2.00 Brings You This Cornet pay the balance at the rate of only a few cents a day. Superb lyric cornet, triple silver plated. Leather carrying case free. Allowance for old instruments. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept 9018 4th St. Cincinnati, O. S. Wabash Av. Chicago

another to do their work and receive the plaudits of the crowd which was packed solid in the seats. Again, as on the opening night of the second season with the Stark show, Bert and his little crowd of performers stood in the entryway waiting the call of the ringmaster. But tonight they were not nervous. They were sure of themselves. Bobby, tall and slender and proud that at last he had discarded the hated woman's wig and was going to appear as a real man performer, strutted from one to the other of the group bantering them, teasing the girls, slapping the men on the back. Harry Carroll and Ben Hudson, their faces shining with a light that made their rough features handsome as they had never been before, shook hands again and again and laughed and cursed softly and smoked cigarette after cigarette in the shelter of their hands.

Off to themselves stood Bert and Mary, their hands locked together and the love-light shining openly in their eyes. They were talking of the old days on the Stark show when they doubled in half a dozen acts in order to make it appear that many people were carried in the company. Tonight they were happy as they had never been before.

The long-for whistle came, and they bounded into the rings as if their limbs were made of rubber. Their entrance was welcomed by a shout of applause that spread over the huge building and reverberated from the rafters. Again and again they bowed until they were forced to mount their rigging so that the other acts could proceed.

Those people who made up the thousands who witnessed the debut of The Flying Valernos will all remember well the great act which started with a rush and went through the most difficult aerial tricks with an ease that made the work look almost childish to the uninitiated. In twos and fours and sixes they flew from trapeze bar to trapeze bar, with the grace of butterflies alighting on flowers, their beautiful bodies in white silk tights with the golden monograms on their breasts flashing in the dusty light. The other acts were almost forgotten in the sensational work of the Valernos. People at the far end of the arena craned their necks to watch them. Those who sat close enough to follow their every movement, with each trick would burst into applause and the whole big house would take it up and send it thundering back.

The perfomance was almost over when the band stopped playing. Far below the Valernos an announcer was calling attention to the greatest act of the evening yet to be performed.

"La-dies and gen-tlemen!" he shouted, his voice thundering over the crowd, "I call your attention to the center ring where the feature act of the Great Donlin Brothers' Circus is about to take place. Mr. Bert Valerno, the world's greatest aerialist, is the only man in the world who can do this most stupendous feat. It is the result of years of incessant labor and an indomitable will. Starting high in the air from his take-off at the far side of the center ring, he will flash into space, leave his trapeze in midair, and show you, for the first time before the public, an act that easily places him the premier performer of his kind the world has ever seen. La-dies and gen-tlemen! Mr. Bert Valerno."

He stepped aside and the other members of The Flying Valernos dropped to the net in succession, their bodies shooting down like arrows to strike the net and bound into the air. Finally only Mary and Bert and Ben were left. Ben was seated on his cradle, waiting. As Mary got ready for her dive to the net, she pressed Bert's hand in an encouraging little grip.

"Remember," she said, "I am watching you."

She was gone and Bert stood alone to bow to the salvos of the audience. Before the applause died down, he grasped his trapeze bar and swung himself to the far side of his rigging. Here he placed a cradle above that used for the regular act, so high that he had to lean out to grasp the bar of his trapeze. The band was silent, and the very silence was taut with expectancy. With one hand grasping the trapeze and the other holding a wire guy line to keep him on the cradle, Bert looked at Ben. His partner was standing poised on his cradle ready for the leap.

"Ready?" yelled Bert.

"Go!" Ben shouted.

They were out in the air, two flashing gleams of white. An instant the audience leaned from its seats, then Bert, at the height of his outward swing, turned loose his bar. Up into the air he went, doubled in a knot, one, two, three times he turned, then straightened like a bar of steel and pirouetted twice, and at the last moment grasped the outstretched hands of Ben, who was swinging to meet him, hanging head downward from his trapeze.

The audience rose in a tumult. Bert dove to his net and bowed again and again to the right and left until a crowd of performers trooped recklessly from the entryway and threw him to their shoulders. One of them grasped his left hand and another his right, and he looked down into the faces of Mart Rawson and Billy Drakonian.

"You're the greatest in the world!" they shouted above the din.

But Bert had not heard. His eyes were fastened on a little girlish figure who stood waiting for him at the entrance of the dressing-room. When he jumped down from the shoulders of his friends, she ran out to him, threw her arms around him and kissed him.

"My Bert!" she said, as the happy tears ran down her cheeks. "He's the greatest aerial performer in the world." And Bert laughed aloud, because he knew what she meant.

Next week's Ledger will contain a real boy's story, entitled, "Spurs Well Won; or, The Wolf Patrol," by John M. Tranter, Scout Master. It is a corking story of Boy Scout adventures, camping out in the woods and rounding up wild animals and bad men. Don't let it get by you, for it is a good one.

The End.

He Lost Out.

"Mrs. Barkley!" Barkley looked severely over the top of his paper at his better half, who was darning a sock. She did not stir an eyelash.

"Woman!" Mrs. Barkley sighed and inserted her darning ball into another sock.

"Molly!" She sat up and took notice.

"Did you speak to me, James?"

"I wished to ask you if you understand anything at all of the principle of refrigeration?"

"I do. I understand all about it. But if you have your heart set upon expounding it, go ahead; I'll try to appear interested."

"A refrigerator is for the purpose of keeping meats and vegetables from spoiling. The cold air thrown off by the melting of the ice in a refrigerator circulates downward. Hot air, you know, rises——"

"I know; there is a quantity of it rising now."

"And the cold air, settling to the bottom of the refrigerator, takes the place of the warm air which has gone up——"

"Oh, dear! Everything is going up nowadays. You'll have to let me have some more money. My allowance is all spent and I have not paid the girl."

"For Heaven's sake, when I am trying to be pleasant and entertaining and putting myself on your level——"

"You always were some climber, James."

"The man came with the ice just now, and when I opened the top of the refrigerator for him I found a piece of ice about the size of an egg in the ice chamber."

"Yes; you did not need to be a Sherlock Holmes to do that. I always keep the ice in the ice chamber."

"There you go! I also found a bottle of milk, three tomatoes, one pale pickle, three cucumbers, six ears of corn, a head of lettuce, a head of cabbage, a dozen eggs, a pineapple——"

"You are a good provider."

"Half a dozen lemons and some other junk. I have told you time and again that the ice compartment is for ice—I-C-E—Ice! But I have been unable to convince you. I have at last hit upon a plan to compel you to put such things in the compartments where they belong——"

"I defy you! Do your worst!"

"I had the iceman fill every other compartment of the box jam up with ice and leave the ice compartment empty, and I'll bet that tomorrow you will have the garbage where it belongs——"

"And you'll be buying new paper for the rooms downstairs. If you had any sense you'd know that ice will melt and run all over the house, as I'll bet it is doing right now! Just for that, you shan't go to that card party tonight!"

"What card——"

"I heard you tell Jinx over the phone that you would engineer a quarrel with me and then flounce out of the house. I refuse to quarrel with you."

His Injuries.

"The day of rowdyism, of punching and being punched, of white hopes and things like that is going out," said the gril who had merely dropped in for a call.

"So you have met him, have you?" asked the at home girl.

"Yes, I saw Morgan Brown yesterday. It is the first time I have seen him since I turned him down. He was not quite a ruffian while I permitted him to call."

"Since you turned him down! So you turned him down, did you? He told me something about that."

"Doubtless, then, he told how he acquired the black eye, the puffed lip, the bandaged ear and got his arm in a sling."

"Certainly. I was among those present."

"This cave man sort of thing is picturesque only in fiction. No lady nowadays stands by and watches men beat one another."

"My dear, you are right! However, there was no other man connected with this affair. It occurred night before last, when he was calling. I had baked a cake that day and late in the evening Morgan and I decided that we would make a raid on the eatables and went to the kitchen. I had just pushed the button for the electric lights when I saw a mouse, and of course I screamed. Morgan seized a fly swatter from the kitchen cabinet and made a dab at the mouse and nearly broke his fingers against the leg of the cabinet. Then he raced after the mouse across the kitchen and bumped his eye against the corner of a shelf. He staggered backward and hurt his ear when he collided with the water heater. As if this were not enough, he stooped to look beneath the kitchen table just as I moved a chair, and he struck his mouth on the chair back. Then he saw the mouse going beneath the refrigerator and he dived in pursuit. But the creature went through the floor where the waste pipe leaves the kitchen and escaped."

"Ridiculous!"

"Wasn't it? There was I in a chair, showing silk, and Morgan spraddled out on the floor holding his ear with one hand and a broken fly swatter in the other, while he looked at the hole through which the mouse had disappeared, and said things. I never heard an angry man use such language! But you would never guess what he said as he shook his fist at that waste pipe."

"Very likely. Sometimes the character of a person's upbringing precludes their guessing along certain lines. You could not repeat his remarks?"

"Oh, yes. He shook his fist at the mouse hole and said: 'You darned little rascal! The next time I play tag with you you will know it!' "

"Oh!" said the girl who had dropped in for a call.

OUR NEW PAPER

The FARMING BUSINESS

To Ledger and Blade Agents:

There are hundreds of papers printed for the farmers telling them how to do many things that they know more about than the editor. "THE FARMING BUSINESS" is not that kind of a paper. There are six million people living in little and big towns as well as in the country who are making a business out of farming, or who own farms. We will help them make more money out of farming and entertain them at the same time.

"THE FARMING BUSINESS" is the name of a big 40-page WEEKLY paper (pages size of Ledger), printed on fine book paper in all the colors, and will sell at FIVE CENTS a copy. The agents will make the same as they do on the Blade and Ledger and remit when they settle for the Blade and Ledger.

We have now, before offering this paper for sale by our agents, a single subscription list of 80,000 copies a week, and a lot of boys have asked for the agency, but we want OUR BOYS to have the first chance.

The first number to be sold by OUR OWN AGENTS will be out in two weeks, so you must act quick. You will receive your bundle EVERY WEDNESDAY and if you have any copies left over you can sell them out on Friday or Saturday when you sell the Blade and Ledger.

Now, you want to know what will be printed in "THE FARMING BUSINESS"—you can say to your customers that they will find everything that anybody wants to read—Review of the news events of the week; new inventions and important discoveries; editorials on live topics of the day. The farm home, how to make it more attractive to the boys and girls now on the farm. Poultry, better flocks and better profits. The very best articles and pictures showing how to make farming profitable and pleasant. In addition to the above there will be plenty of good fiction, entertaining to old and young.

We have hired the best editors and writers in the country, at big salaries, for every department. There are 16 departments. We can't describe this BEST SELLER to you—you must see it for yourself, and you will see at once that you will have no trouble selling it to the right people.

You must let us know at once if you want the agency and say HOW MANY COPIES you want the first week.

Remember, this paper will be ready for you to sell in two weeks.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago

The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

These designs are already stamped on best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

Every one of the designs we are going to offer is new and up-to-date, and nowhere else can you secure the same, as they are made exclusively for us.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them, every woman should have little trouble in getting almost every one.

Canada—Single subscriptions, $1.50; Blade and Ledger, $3.00 the year.

NO 28 P. B., LIBRARY TABLE SCARF.—This scarf is tinted on extra quality brown linen crash, size 17x54 inches, and includes six skeins of colored floss. Given free with a $2.00 subscription to the Blade and the Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

CHRISTMAS MONEY FOR YOU
No Experience Necessary
You can make money selling our Corsets and Specialties. Not sold in the stores. Exclusive territory given. Our goods well known for 36 years. 100 per cent profit. Each article Guaranteed. Send $1.20 for $2 sample to start.
DR. SCOTT'S Magnetic Spinal Supporting Corsets
Relieve lame back, nervousness and other troubles. Prices, $1, $2, $3 and $5. Write for 32-page catalog of specialties and liberal terms.
PALL MALL ELECTRIC CO., 120 West 34th Street, New York

AGENTS MEN AND WOMEN MAKE $6 A DAY EASY
Build a business for yourself. Our "ZANOL" Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors sell themselves. In tubes instead of bottles. Handier and stronger. Not sold in stores. Also soaps, perfumes, toilet articles and many other new specialties. Handsome tight agent's outfit. Good territory still open. Free particulars. Write quick. American Products Co. 87 Third St. Cincinnati, O.

Beacon Burner FREE
FITS YOUR OLD LAMP.
100 Candle Power incandescent pure white light from (kerosene) coal oil. Beats either gas or electricity. COSTS ONLY 1 CENT FOR 6 HOURS
We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our Special Offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. AGENTS WANTED.
HOME SUPPLY CO., 54 Home Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

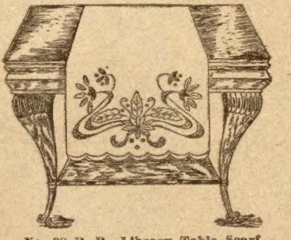
AGENTS—200% Profit
Foot Scraper and Cleaner—Needed on every porch and outside doorstep. Right now is the time to sell it—A winner. C. P. Draper, Mass., first order for 200. C. A. Johnson sold 40 in 1½ days. W. W. Harpster, Pa., made $27.45 in 4 evenings, spare time work. Write quick for terms of free sample. A postal will do.
Thomas Co. 3917 West St. Dayton, O.

AGENTS Let us show you the best paying canvassing business in the United States. Write today to the largest makers of transparent handled knives and razors for proof. A postal card will do. $1500 a Year Sure
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

WHITE FLAME
BURNERS make any kerosene lamp or lantern give a brilliant white light better than electricity or gas. Doubles your light. Saves oil. NO MANTLE TO BREAK. Guaranteed Safe and Reliable. Delights every user. Send now for complete sample postpaid 35c, stamps or coin. 3 for $1. MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY. Live Representatives Wanted. Exclusive Territory. WHITE FLAME LIGHT CO., 61 CLARK BUILDING, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Our Necktie PROPOSITION BEATS THEM ALL. Wonderful Bargain Combinations with FREE premiums to customers. Big profits; outfit furnished; act quick. J. M. Grove Co., Box 508, Frederick, Md. (Est. 1901)

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

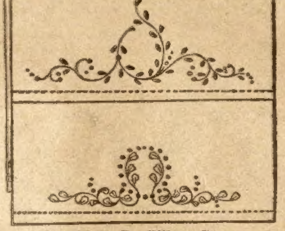


No. 28 P. B., Library Table Scarf.

NO. 29 P. B., PILLOW TOP.—This pillow top is of the same design as the table scarf No. 28 P. B., illustrated above, on the same grade of material and includes back and four skeins of colored floss. The size of the pillow top is 17x22 inches. This will be given free with $1.00 subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.

❧

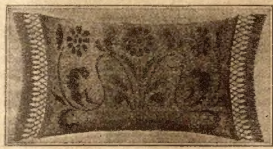
NO. 34 P. B., PILLOW CASES.—The pillow cases are already made up and hemstitched, from good quality white muslin; size 24x36. One pair, any one design, sent for a $2.00 subscription to the Blade and the Ledger.



No. 34 P. B., Pillow Cases.

❧

NO. 33 P. B., PILLOW TOP.—The size of this pillow top is 17x22 inches. It is tinted on extra quality brown linen crash and includes back and four skeins of colored floss. It will be given free with a $1.00 subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.



No. 33 P. B., Pillow Top.

CRAVING FOR TOBACCO STOPPED.
Convince Yourself by Taking Advantage of Free Sample Offer.
That insistent gnawing desire for tobacco which attacks you daily can be overcome, and you can be freed entirely from the habit without leaving bad effects. It costs nothing to give this a fair trial. Send for free sample of Bo-Lu-Bo, the tobacco eradicator. Bonner Remedy Co., 139 E. Pine, Wichita, Kas.

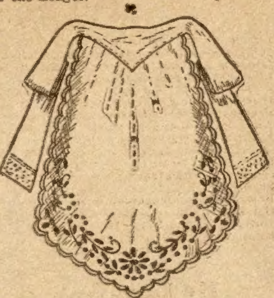
❧ ❧ ❧

A dentist in Kansas City has discovered a treatment for Pyorrhea that can be used at home by anyone, and that is painless. People who suffer with sore gums, foul breath, bleeding gums, receding gums, teeth sensitiveness, loose, twisted or elongated teeth, can in most cases save themselves the expense and pain of dental work by using the famous guaranteed Barnett Painless Home Treatment. Write Dr. A. T. Barnett, 1025 Main St., Kansas City, Mo., for valuable free book and list of testimonials.—Advt.

❧ ❧ ❧

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

❧

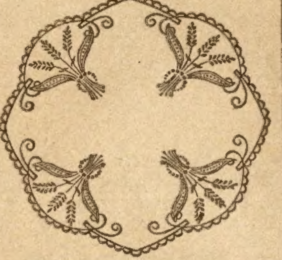


No. 35 P. B., Fancy Tea Apron.

NO. 35 P. B., FANCY TEA APRON.—This apron is stamped on fine quality white Irish linen and includes strings for same. Given for a $1.00 subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.

❧

NO. 39 P. B., CENTERPIECE.—This centerpiece is stamped on real Irish white linen, size 18x18 inches, and includes four skeins of cotton. Given with a $1.00 subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.

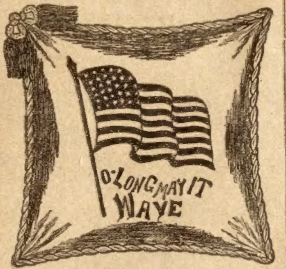


No. 39 P. B., Centerpiece.

NO. 40 P. B., CENTERPIECE.—This centerpiece, size 36x36 inches, is stamped on real Irish white linen, and included with it are six skeins of cotton. The design is the same as that of No. 39 P. B. Given free with a $2.00 subscription to the Blade and the Ledger.

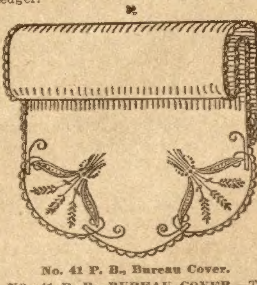
❧

NO. 30 P. B., FLAG PILLOW TOP.—The size of this pillow top is 21x21 inches, and with it are included back and six skeins of colored floss. It is tinted on ecru art cloth. Given for a $1.00 subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.



No. 30 P. B., Flag Pillow Top.

❧

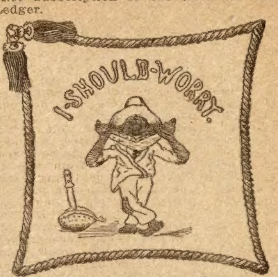


No. 41 P. B., Bureau Cover.

NO. 41 P. B., BUREAU COVER.—This bureau cover is stamped on real Irish white linen, size 18x54 inches, and with it are included six skeins of cotton. It matches No. 40 P. B. centerpiece.

❧

NO. 31 P. B., PILLOW TOP.—This pillow top is tinted on ecru art cloth, size 21x21 inches, and with it are included back and six skeins of colored floss; also a package of ten embroidery needles. It will be given free with a $1.00 subscription to the Blade or the Ledger.


I-SHOULD-WORRY.

No. 31 P. B., Pillow Top.

Get Your FALL Suit
Direct from the Factory and Save $3.50 to $7.50
We make and sell direct to you Men's Stylish GUARANTEED ALL WOOL Suits and OVERCOATS at from $5.95 to $16.50 — that would cost you 3.50 to 7.50 more if bought from your local store.
PARCEL POST enables us to cut out all Middlemen's Profits and DELIVER the Suit at your Door with a GUARANTEE of Satisfaction or money back.
SAMPLES AND STYLE BOOK FREE
Send Today for FREE SAMPLES of 48 Beautiful All Wool Suits and Overcoats and Illustrations of New York's Latest Styles. Tape Line, Measurement Blank and instructions—How to order your Clothing Direct from Factory.
NEW YORK APPAREL CO.
594 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

Wrinkles
Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure Powdered SAXOLITE dissolved in ½ pint witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get SAXOLITE (powdered) at any drug store.

Rémoh Gems
Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliancy guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass. Sent C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for our 4 color catalog DeLuxe, it's free.
Remoh Jewelry Co. 398 Washington Ave. St. Louis

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

SMOKERS ATTENTION
Send 35c and we will mail you this beautiful sanitary removable bowl pipe. Send today.
UNIVERSAL MAIL ORDER CO., 5118 Dakin Street, Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR or MORPHINE Habits Easily CURED. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets will cure any case in from ten to thirty days. Perfectly harmless, cause no sickness, can be given secretly in tea or coffee. Particulars sent sealed FREE.
The Ohio Chemical Works, Box 514 Swanton, Ohio.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! positively guarantee my great successful "Compound." Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal affections in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. C. L. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., 515 MAIN ST., KANSAS CITY, MO

SILK All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—All PURE SILK Waste taken out. Best sort to make Quilts, Cushions, etc. Big lot 10c; 3 Big lots 25c; 7 for 50c; 16 for $1.00, postpaid. INDIA SILK CO., 326 MADISON ST., CHICAGO

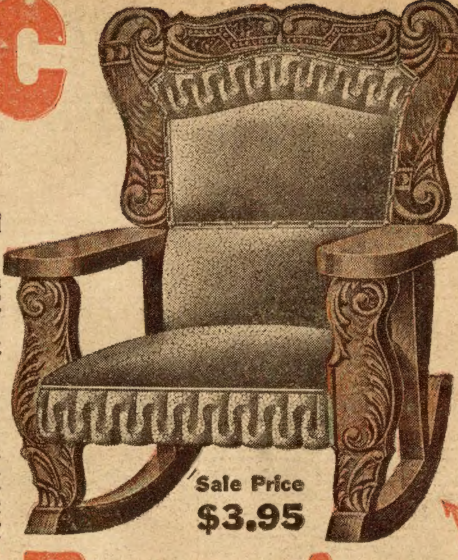
BURGLAR alarm for any building; sample 50c. Halstead, Tribune Bldg., Chicago

MAKE MONEY by manufacturing and selling your own goods. We supply you special formulas by expert chemists. Government information obtained. Catalog Free
Temple Supply Company, Dept. R, Washington, D. C.

Large List, Dialogs, Entertainments, Recitations, Drills. PLAYS Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 6 Chicago, Ill.

HEIRS
A Fortune Knocking at Your Door.
UNCLAIMED WEALTH.
Heirs Wanted at Once.
This May Mean YOU.
Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are Rich and don't know it. Our 400 page cloth bound book, entitled: NEXT OF KIN, contains authentic lists of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised in America and abroad to claim fortunes. There are thousands of names in this book. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland list, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Your ancestors' name may be among them. We want every family in the U. S. and Canada to have this book. Send $1.00 to cover cost compiling this 400 page book and we will mail it to you at once, postpaid, or, send two cents in postage for circular.
W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

Sent for Only 50c

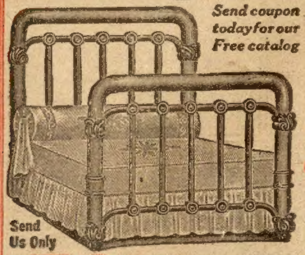


Sale Price $3.95

We will ship you this Superb Rocker. Extra special bargain! This handsome rocker shipped to you for only **50c** down and then **50c** per month — or **only $3.95** in all — a positively staggering bargain and one of the biggest values ever offered. Look at it. Order it shipped on approval and see what an elegant rocker this is. Send only the first small payment—50c. If it fails to please you, ship it back and we'll return your money. ***This magnificent rocker is just one of the many extraordinary bargains shown in our Giant Bargain Catalog and Bargain List.*** Write today.

This massive rocker is American quarter-sawed oak finish, richly carved. Upholstered in best grade Boston leather, beautifully ruffled. Luxurious spring seat. Superbly carved back and front posts. Order by **No. A-71133.**

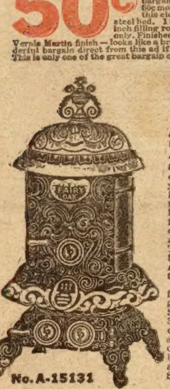
Easy Payments



Send coupon today for our Free catalog

We invite you to open an account with us. Take advantage now of these tremendous money-saving opportunities. For a quarter of a century we have been furnishing homes all over America on easy monthly payments. No matter what your salary is or where you live, write us today. Pick out the things you need to make your home complete and pay for them while using them.

Send Us Only 50c **And we ship you this Elegant Bed.** An astounding bargain. Only 50c down then only 50c monthly. Only $3.95 in all for this elegant continuous post all-steel bed. 1 and 1-16 inch Pillars, 5-16 inch filling rods. Full size 4 ft. 6 inch, only. Finished throughout in the famous Vernis Martin finish — looks like a brass bed. Order this wonderful bargain direct from this ad if you wish by **No. A71779.** This is only one of the great bargain offers we are making now.



50c

And we ship you this Fairy Oak Heater. A stupendous bargain! For only 50c down we will ship you this splendid 12-inch fire-pot, nickel trimmed Fairy oak heater. Wonderful fuel saver and heater. Terms 50c down and 75c a month. Total price only $7.35. Order by **No. A15131.** Other sizes to suit.

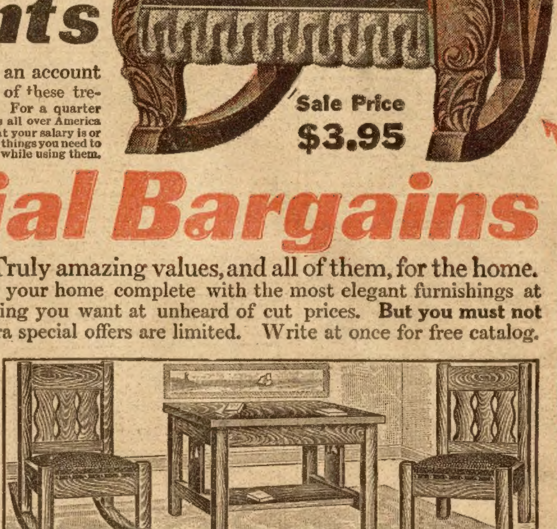
Don't fail to ask for our Special Bargain Catalog of Stoves and Ranges. 32 pages of tremendous bargains in steel and iron ranges, cook stoves, base burners, hot blasts and oak heaters. Send coupon.

Special Bargains

Hundreds of them! Truly amazing values, and all of them, for the home. **Get our catalog.** Furnish your home complete with the most elegant furnishings at rock-bottom prices—anything you want at unheard of cut prices. **But you must not delay.** Many of these extra special offers are limited. Write at once for free catalog.

A Word to Cash Buyers

As our bargain offers are at rock-bottom prices we regret to tell you that we cannot possibly allow a discount for cash. We have so many cash buyers on our books now that we want to give those who pay cash all the discount possible, but we simply **can not** make a cent lower price than the price already quoted to those who pay on time. You can pay cash, if you prefer, or we will trust you and accept only small payment each month. Many cash buyers now use this system of payments with us, for the cash monthly payment plan makes it so that you can't feel the expense at all. **Our prices are lower than other cash prices** and we give you the advantage of easy terms.



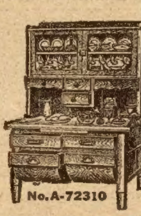
50c Brings You This Superb Mission Set Complete Positively one of the most amazing bargains in years—a staggering value. **THREE PIECES**—made of solid oak throughout in rich brown fumed oak finish. Chair and rocker upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Table top measures 24x33½ inches. Compare it with any mission set offer you ever saw. Then order today—direct from this ad. Terms only **50c cash, then 75c monthly. Order by No. A113.** Money back if not pleased. Price.... **$7.45**

30 Days' Trial

Our guarantee protects you absolutely. We ship on thirty days' trial. If you are not perfectly pleased with your purchase return it and we will refund your money cheerfully. Could any offer be fairer? Send coupon now.

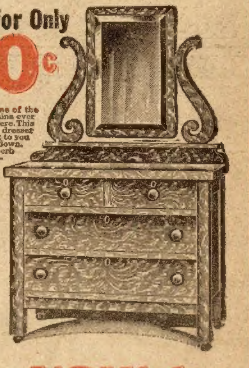
Order Right From This Page

You do not need to wait for our catalog to get any bargain shown here. You can order right from this ad. Just send your name and the number and name of the article and the first small payment and we will ship the goods. But whether you order from this ad or not, send coupon today for free catalog.



Send Us Only $1.00 **and we will ship This Improved Solid Oak Kitchen Cabinet.** Yes, only $1 cash and you keep this magnificent improved kitchen cabinet. Saves the housewife many miles of walking daily. Latest model with all new features. Made of selected solid oak and deep Rich Golden finish. Large size top, 42x26 inches, finished in natural wood. Worth $16.00. Terms **$1.00** cash, **$1.00** monthly. Sale price **only $10.85.** Order by **No. A-72310.**

Sent for Only 50c



Positively one of the biggest bargains ever offered anywhere. This magnificent dresser shipped direct to you for only 50c down. Order this superb dresser on approval with privilege of 30 days' free trial. American quarter-sawed oak finish; 38 in. wide, with 24 x 14 inch French beveled plate mirror. Large roomy drawers. Order by No. A 71780. Terms 50c down, then 75c monthly —total price only $8.65. Massive Chiffonier to match if desired only $7.20. Easiest terms.

Coupon

Straus & Schram, Inc.,
Dept. 5018 35th St., Chicago

Please send me absolutely **free and prepaid** your big bargain lists—also the catalogs I have marked with X. No obligations on me whatsoever.

☐ General House Furnishings ☐ Stoves and Ranges
☐ Jewelry ☐ Ladies' Clothing ☐ Men's Clothing

My Name is...

My Address is...

....

If you would like to have any of these special bargains shipped at once order by number and send only the first small payment

FREE! Mail Coupon NOW for Giant Bargain Catalog

Just fill out the free catalog coupon and mail it at once. We will send you the biggest smashing bargain catalog ever published. Simply staggering offers on every page. Look at the few shown here. They are only a few out of the 6,752 bargains in our wonderful catalog. If you want anything in furniture, stoves, rugs, carpets, men's, women's and children's clothing, pianos, draperies, curtains, go-carts, silverware, lamps, clocks, washing machines, refrigerators, etc., get our catalog now. Send your name for this Mammoth Catalog and Special Bargain List of Special Offers. Don't miss these real bargains. Don't delay. Send free coupon today. DO IT RIGHT NOW!

Straus & Schram (Inc.) Dept. 5018 —35th Street, Chicago, Ill.